WEAVERS AND OTHER WORKERS

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WEAVERS AND OTHER WORKERS

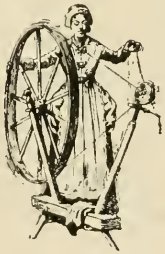
A PERSIAN PRAYER RUG

WEAVERS AND OTHER WORKERS

By

JENNIE HALL

The Francis W. Parker School. Author of "Viking Tales," "Four Old Greeks," "The Story of Chicago,"



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THE PREFACE

During several years of teaching in the second grade, no subject of study proved more interesting to teacher and children than textiles. This series of reading lessons, this collection of verse and stories, these pieces of handwork, developed in those years as the exigencies of the children's work demanded. It is on account of that practical genesis that I dare to hope they may prove useful to other teachers who believe that industry is one of the supremely great subjects of study for modern children and that the historical and literary associations and the manual activities are equally important.

This book aims to be a complete unit for primary children, and into the making of that unit there go five different kinds of material—pictures, poems, stories, reading matter, suggested handwork. Studied so, the subject will become, I believe, in three months an integral part of a child's life, a permanent possession; with any of the five omitted, the study will be shorn of some degree of vividness and appeal.

May I be allowed to express my sincere thanks to Miss Katherine Lee Bates, of Wellesley, who once again has given a manuscript of mine her kind and wise criticism? For suggesting several of the poems I am especially indebted to her.

JENNIE HALL

Francis W. Parker School
Chicago, Illinois

IN THE FARMYARD

WEAVERS AND OTHER WORKERS

IN THE FARMYARD

Come, goat, to your sire,
Come, calf, from the byre;
Come, pussy, that mews
In your snowy-white shoes;
Come, ducklings so yellow;
Come, chickens so small,
Each soft little fellow
That can't run at all;
Come, sweet doves of mine,
With your feathers so fine!
The turf's wet with dew,
But the sun warms it through.
It is early, right early, in summer-time still,
But call on the autumn, and hurry it will.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON
Translated by WILLIAM ARCHER

A HERD OF GOATS

A herd of goats on a mountain side is very pretty.

The rocks are big and rough and gray.

Little green plants grow in the cracks.

The goats are brown and black and white and gray.

They jump from rock to rock and eat the plants.

They are busy all day long.
The goatherd with his crook sits on a rock.
He has a bright handkerchief on his head.
These goats do not belong to him.
Down the mountain is a little village.
The goats belong to the people of this village.
Early in the morning the goatherd walks through the village.
The goats are waiting for him at their own doors.
He whistles, and the goats walk on ahead of him.
In the evening he drives them home.
When a goat comes to her own door she turns in.
Sometimes she has to go upstairs to be milked.
Up she goes all alone.
Climbing stairs is not so hard as climbing rocks on the mountain side.

THE SHEPHERD LADY

(*To be read to the children*)

Who pipes upon the long green hill,
Where meadow grass is deep?
The white lamb bleats but followeth on —
Follow the clean white sheep.
The dear white lady in yon high tower,
She hearkeneth in her sleep.

All in long grass the piper stands,
Goodly and grave is he;
Outside the tower, at dawn of day,
The notes of his pipe ring free.
A thought from his heart doth reach to hers:
"Come down, O lady! to me."

JEAN INGELOW

Brown Bros.

GOATS

Cows like flat fields of grass to eat in.
But some countries have no such fields.
They have only high, rough mountains.
In these countries people do not keep many cows.
They keep goats instead.
The goats can climb the rough mountain side.

They eat the plants growing among the rocks.
Goats are very useful.
People drink their milk.
They make cheese from the milk.
They use it in making milk chocolate.
They eat the meat of goats.
They make pails and bottles from the skin
They make cloth from the hair.
They do not need to dye the cloth to make it pretty.
That is because goat hair is of so many colors.
Some goats are black.
Some are white.
Some are dark brown.
Some are light brown.
Some are blue-gray.
People make yarn of this black and white and brown and gray hair.
The yarns are of different colors.
With these yarns people make bags with pretty stripes.

THE SHEEP

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Every thing can something do,
But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray:
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold, you'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

"True, it seems a pleasant thing,
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner, where
All the common's brown and bare.

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day:
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie."

ANN TAYLOR

THE SHEPHERD

(*To be read to the children*)

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot;
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

WILLIAM BLAKE

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE

It must be pleasant to be a shepherd in Greece.

Early in the morning it is cool.

The sky is golden around the sun.

The mountains are rosy.

The sheep move slowly over the hill.

They eat the grass as they go.

Their bells tinkle sweetly.

The shepherd lies on a rock.

He plays his pipe.

The sound floats far away.
His dog lies beside him.
But at noon it is very hot.
The sheep want to rest in the shade.
So does the shepherd.
He drives his sheep slowly to a well.
He draws water, and the sheep drink.
Then he drives them to a shelter that he has made.
It is a little flat roof of brush.[1]
It stands on short poles.
It makes a little shade.
Here the sheep lie close together and sleep.
There is another smaller roof for the shepherd.
Here he and his dog lie down and sleep.
After a few hours it grows cool.
The shepherd and the sheep awake.
The sheep go out again to eat.
The shepherd follows slowly.

[1] See picture on page 24.

THE LAMB

(*To be read to the children*)

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the world rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

WILLIAM BLAKE

A SHEPHERDS' VILLAGE IN GREECE

It is lonely work being a shepherd.
The sheep wander on day after day.
Sometimes they go miles from home.
The shepherd does not see anybody for days and days.
He is far up in bare hills.
But there are other shepherds in those hills.
Sometimes they hear one another's pipes far away.
"There are other shepherds," they say to themselves.
They drive their sheep toward the sound.
When they meet they are very glad.
"Let us camp together," they say.
"We shall not be lonely then."
So they build sheds for themselves and their sheep.
They make them of brush or of rushes.
The sheep shed is a big ring with a roof around the edge.

The men's huts look like big beehives.
Inside is a shelf for the men to lie on.
On the ground in the middle burns a little fire.
In the evenings the shepherds drive the sheep into the sheep shed.
Every night the men sleep in their huts.
Here the shepherds all live for weeks.
When the grass is gone, they move on to a new camp.

AWAITING THE SPRING

Vlachs are shepherd people of Greece.
They love the mountains.
But in winter the mountains are cold.
The Vlachs drive the sheep down into the valleys.
There they wait for spring.
Every day they look at the mountains and wish to go back to them. They sing:[1]

How peaceful all the mountains lie,
How peaceful all the meadows!

It is not death that they await, old age doth not afflict them.
The springtime only they await, and May and summer sunshine,
To see the Vlachs upon the hills, to see the fair Vlach maidens,
And listen to their music sweet that with their pipes they'll waken,
While graze their sheep, around whose necks the heavy bells are tinkling.
Again they'll set their sheep folds up, and set up their encampment.

Translated by LUCY M. GARNETT

[1] To be read to the children.

A WISH

(*To be read to the children*)

Would that my father had taught me
The craft of a keeper of sheep;
For so, in the shade of an elm tree
Or under the rocks on the steep,
Piping on reeds I had sat,
And had lulled my sorrow to sleep!

MOSCHUS
Translated by ERNEST MYERS

"UNDER THE ROCKS ON THE STEEP"

BEDOUINS

I. How the Country Looks

There is a country far away.
The sun is bright there.
Much of the land is made of sand and gravel and stones.
Most of the time it is hot and dry.
But in March there is rain.
Then flowers grow.
You can see very far.
The country looks like a garden.
You see a big red place.
It is red tulips and poppies.
They grow wild there.
You see a low green place.
Wild oats and rye and barley are growing there.
You see yellow places.
They are wild marigolds.
You see other yellow places.
They are sand.

Brown Bros.

You see gray places.
They are stones and gravel.
Little bushes grow there.
Pools of water shine in the sun.
White and purple irises grow in them.
The rain stops, and the pools dry up.
The flowers and grass and bushes die.
The country is all dry, hot sand and stones and gravel.
The country is Arabia.

II. The People

People live in this country.
They are Bedouins.
They have goats and camels.
They have horses and sheep, too.
The camels and sheep and horses and goats eat very much.
They eat all the grass and flowers in one place.
Then the men drive them to another place.
All the people follow.
They are in that place for three or four days.
Then the grass is all gone again.
The people move again.
So they have tents, because they are easy to move.
They make them of thick cloth.
They make the cloth of goat's hair.
The women spin the hair and weave it.
Most of their goats are black.

So the tents are black.
The people put up the tents near pools of water.
The sheep and goats and camels and horses are near by.
They are eating the grass and flowers.

III. Milking Time

It is supper time.
Boys are driving the sheep home.
There are fenced places close to the tents.
The fence is made of branches of trees and of bushes.
The boys drive the sheep into the fenced places.
Nobody drives the camels.
They come home alone.
They stand near the tents.
Women come out to milk.
They milk the goats.
They get big bowls of milk.

They take this milk to the horses, and the horses drink it.

Boys milk the camels.

They get much milk.

They take it to the tents for the people to drink.

IV. Cooking

Women are cooking at bonfires.

One woman has a big stone dish.

She puts wheat into it and pounds it.

She is making flour.

She puts water with it and makes a round, thin cake.

It is bread.

She spreads it over the bottom of a bowl.

She puts it over the fire to cook.

Another woman is pounding coffee.

Another is churning.

The milk is in a goat-skin bag.

The woman rolls the bag on her knee.

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"SHE MAKES A ROUND, THIN CAKE"

That makes the butter come.
One woman comes from the pool.
She has a bucket full of water.
The bucket is made of leather.
Other women come.
They are carrying little bushes.
They throw them upon the fire.

V. Coming Home for Supper

The men come riding across the sand.
Each man rides a fine Arabian horse.
A rope is tied around the horse's nose.
The man drives with this.
The men wear big blankets made of camel's hair, with stripes of red and yellow.
They all wear striped cloth around their heads.
These men have been to war.
They have lances in their hands.
They wave them in the air.
Sometimes they carry long guns.

When they get to the tents, they jump off their horses.
They tie them to the tents.
They give them oats and dates to eat.
These men wear long white robes.
They tie cords around their waists.

VI. Supper

Supper is ready.
The men go to their tents.

Each man sticks his lance into the sand before his door.
He goes into his tent.
A fire is burning inside the tent.
It is in a hole in the sand floor.
Lavender bushes are burning in the fire.
They make a sweet smell.
Saddles hang on the poles.
They are for the camels.
Ropes hang on the poles.
A sword hangs from the cloth of the tent.
A wooden dish is on the floor.
It is full of camel's meat.
There is a basket full of dates.
There is a cup of soft butter.
There is a big wooden bowl full of sour milk.
There is a pot of coffee.
The flat bread lies on a mat.
The people sit cross-legged on the ground.
There are the father and the mother and one little girl and two little boys.

All the people take meat in their hands.
They all drink the sour milk.
They like it.
They dip the dates into butter.
They have not eaten to-day.
They never eat any breakfast or dinner but only supper.
After supper they lie down on the floor and go to sleep.

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VII. Moving

It is morning, and everybody is up.

The Chief says: "The pools are dry. The grass is dead. We must move to-day."

Women take down the tents.

They tie the cloth around the poles.

They tie the dishes together.

They take oats and barley from a hole in the ground.

They tie them up in a cloth.
They put water into goat-skin bags.
"We must carry water to drink," they say.
Men tie these things upon the camels.
They put saddles upon the camels for the women to ride, and a man rides on every camel.
He drives it with a little stick.
The boys walk.
They drive the goats and sheep.
Some men ride the horses.
They carry guns and are ready to fight.
They will keep the women and herds safe.
They ride for a long time.
The sand is dry, and the sun is hot.
The horses are tired.
The people drink water from the goat-skin bags.
Sometimes the women walk beside the camels.
They spin as they walk.

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"THEY RIDE FOR A LONG TIME"

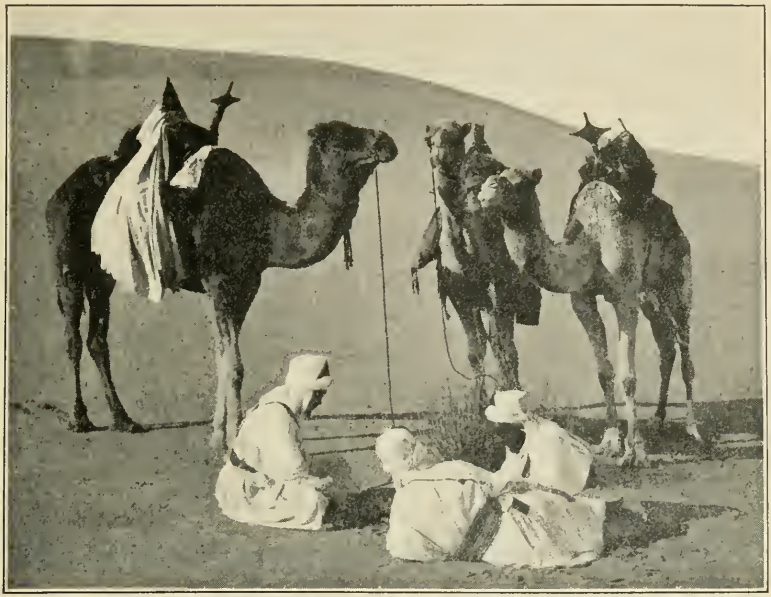
Eugene J. Hall

At last they see trees.
All the people shout with joy.
They ride to the trees.
There is a well here.
Grass grows in the shade.
The Chief says: "We will camp here."
Everybody gets down.
All the people work busily.
The men take their things off the camels.
The boys drive the goats and horses and sheep to grass.

The women put up the tents.
They get wood and build fires.
They take a piece of steel and a hard stone and strike them together.
A spark comes and catches the wood.
The fire is made.
The women bring water from the well.
They get supper.

VIII. Herding

There is not much grass near the tent.
The men say: "Leave this grass for the horses and sheep. We will take the camels away. They will eat anything."
So they drive the camels off.
They go a long way.
At last they cannot see the tents.
The camels eat, and the men watch them.
It is not much work.
They sit down.
They sing songs.



Brown Bros.

They tell stories.
At night the camels lie down.
They will not run away.
The men lie on the ground.
They put the blankets around them.
It is very still.
They look up at the sky.
It is dark blue and full of stars.
The stars are very big and bright.

The men give names to them.
They tell stories about them.
They love them.

IX. In a Town

But the other people stay in their tents
They live here for a week.
They cut the wool from the sheep and the goats and the camels.
They tie it in bundles.
Then the grass is gone.
The well is dry, and there is no rain.
The Chief says: "All the grass is dead. All the wells are dry. There is nothing but sand and stones. We will go to town and sell our wool."
They send for the men with the camels to come back.
So they all move again.
They go to a little town by a river.
They put up their tents there.

Eugene J. Hall

They sell their wool
They buy wheat and dates and coffee.
They stay for two months.
At last it rains again.
The Chief says: "I can smell green things
In our desert the grass is green. The flowers are growing. The pools are full of water. We will go back."

They take down their tents and pack the camels and ride away.

So they move all the time.

X. A Visitor

Often these people have visitors.

When a stranger comes he goes to the biggest tent.

The Chief lives there.

The Chief sees the stranger and goes to him.

He says: "Welcome. Are you well?"

He takes the stranger into his tent.

He says: "My tent is your tent. My bread is your bread. You are my friend."

The stranger eats and sleeps in the Chief's tent.

He stays there for a long time.

He is poor, and the Chief gives him blankets.

After a while another man comes.

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He says to the Chief: "This man is a bad man. I will drive him away."

The Chief says: "No. He has slept in my tent. He has eaten my bread and salt. No man shall hurt him."

So the stranger is safe.

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XI. Work and Play

The boys and girls have work to do.

The girls milk the goats.

They get wood and carry water and churn.

They learn to spin and to cook.
The boys milk the camels and drive the herds.
Sometimes they take care of the herds at night.
But they play games, too.
This is one of their games:
The boys black their faces.
They tie wool to their chins.
It looks like beards.
One boy has a very large beard.
He is the Chief.
The boys all go to some tent.
They play they are black men from a far country.
They look at things in the tent.
They play that they do not know what the things are.
They talk about them.
They make up words.
Then they run off.

They have another game.
They play it after supper.
It is not hot then.
All the children run out of the tents.
The big girls sit on the sand and sing.
Little boys and girls play that they are horses.
Every little boy gets a little girl.
They take hold of hands.
They play that they are a pair of horses.
They run, they jump, they kick, they neigh.
They chase other horses.
Other horses chase them.
They play for a long time.
At last they are tired and lie down on the sand.
The boys like to play war.
They get upon horses and make them run.
They take long lances and wave them in the air.
One boy runs at another boy.

He tries to push him off his horse.
He hits him with his lance.
Then he turns his horse and runs away.
He must not let the other boy hit him.
They must be very quick.
Sometimes a boy falls from his horse.
The other boys laugh at him.
Their fathers and mothers watch them.
They say: "They can ride. They are strong.
They will be brave."

XII. Story of Tellal

Tellal was a Bedouin boy.
He was twelve years old.
His father was Chief.
There were many tents in the village where he lived.
Many people lived in the tents.
One night Tellal's people were asleep.
Other men came.
They were very still.

They drove away the sheep and camels of Tellal's people.

In the morning Tellal's people could not find their sheep and camels.

The people said: "Who did it?"

After a while they found out.

Then they said: "We will have war. We will get our sheep and camels back."

The Chief said: "Yes, take your guns. Get upon your horses. Tellal, get your gun. You shall be captain."

Tellal shouted with joy.

He jumped upon his horse and made him run.

He shook his long gun.

He cried to the men: "Come on."

The men followed him.

They made their horses run.

They rode across the desert to the village.

They had the war.

They brought their sheep and camels home.

The people shouted: "Tellal is a brave captain. He shall be our Chief sometime."

THE SHEPHERDESS

The shepherd girl walks over the hill.
Her sheep walk slowly with her.
Her distaff is under her arm.
Her spindle is whirling from her hand.
As she spins she sings:

"Up and down, and up and down—
How many turns ere I come to town?

Round and round, and round and round—
Was greater pleasure ever found?

Out and in, and out and in—
What do they do who cannot spin?"

"HER SPINDLE IS WHIRLING FROM HER HAND"

BABY'S EVENING-SONG

Now the little white sheep,
And the little black sheep—
They have all gone to sleep
In the fold.

Nothing is black,
Nothing is white
When the kind old Night—
Hides them all out of sight
In the fold.

And the little children too,
Must do as little lambs do;
They must all go to sleep
In the fold.

Nothing is hungry,
Nothing is cold,
When it once goes to sleep
In the fold.

EDITH M. THOMAS

A PICTURE

(*To be read to the children*)

In sloping fields on narrow plains,
The sheep were feeding on their knees,
As we went through the winding lanes,
Strewed with red buds of alder trees.

JEAN INGELOW

A LOST SHEEP

A shepherd stood on the mountain side.
He was counting his sheep.
One was gone.
Across the valley was another mountain side.
There stood another shepherd with his sheep.
The first shepherd called across to him.
He had to call very loudly and slowly, because it was far away.
He said, "I have lost a sheep. Is he with you?"
"I will see," called the other shepherd.
He counted his sheep.
There was one too many.
But he could not tell which was the strange sheep.
They all looked alike.
They all had their heads down eating.
Then the shepherd gave his call.

All his sheep knew that call.

They raised their heads.

But one sheep kept on eating.

The shepherd shouted, "Yes, I have one strange sheep."

Then the other shepherd gave his call.

It floated softly across the valley.

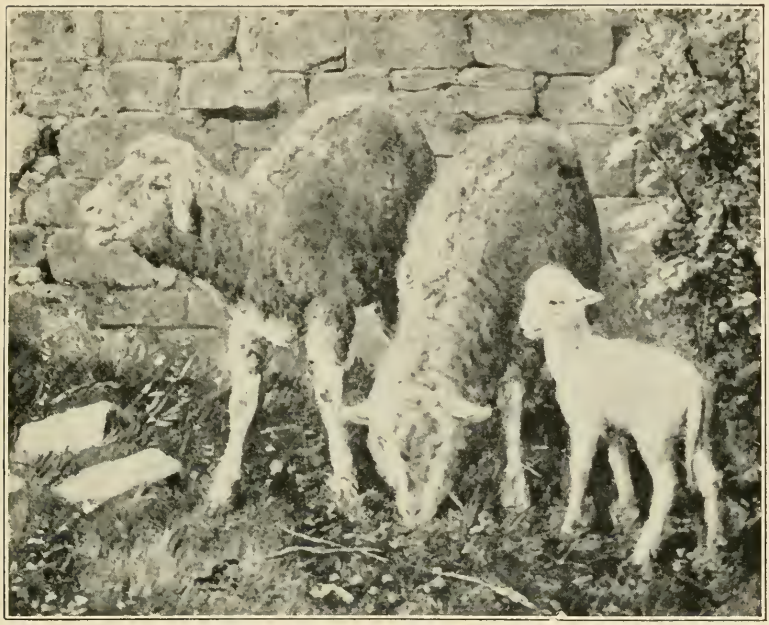
The strange sheep heard it and lifted its head.

The shepherd was watching.
He saw the sheep raise its head.
He called, "He is yours."
Then the other shepherd left his dog to guard his flock.
He came across the valley and got his lost sheep.

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER

If the ev'ning's red and the morning's gray,
It's a sign of a bonny, bonny day;
If the ev'ning's gray and the morning's red,
The ewe and the lamb will go wet to bed

OLD ENGLISH RIME



THE WELCOME

O you, you little wonder, come—come in,
You wonderful, you woolly soft white lamb:
You panting mother ewe, come too,
And lead that tottering twin
Safe in:
Bring all your bleating kith and kin,
Except the horny ram.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

GIOTTO

I. The Shepherd Boy

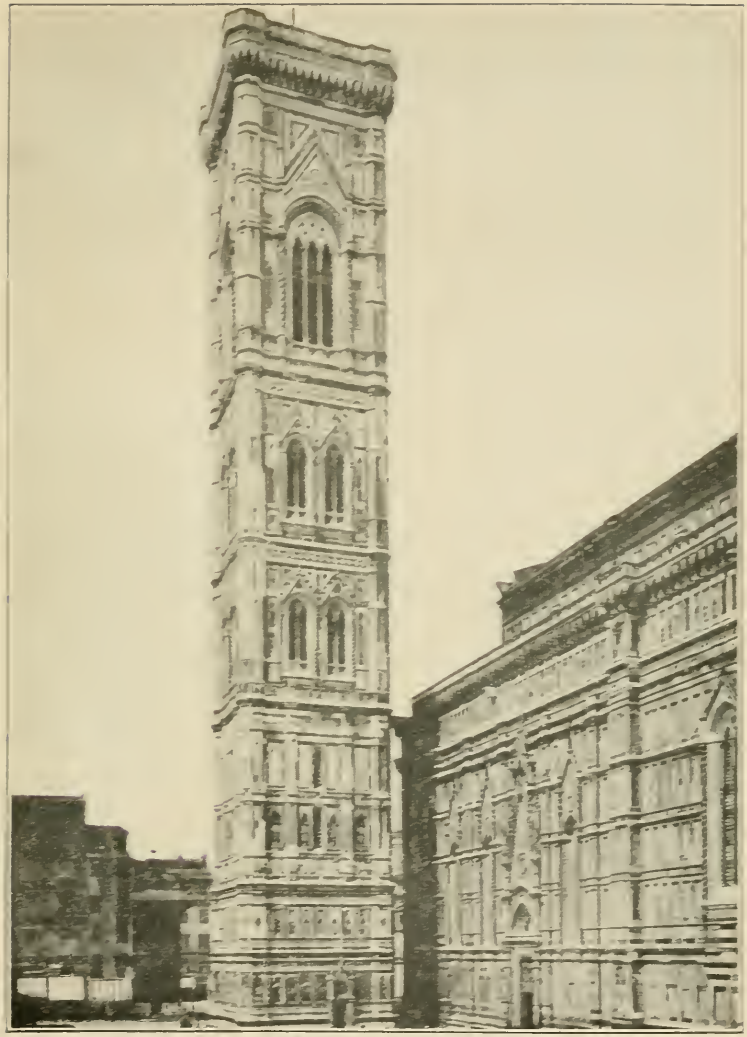
There was a shepherd boy called Giotto.
He lived in Italy long ago.
His father had a little stone house on a hillside.
It was in a little village of stone houses.
Below it were green fields beside a river.
Above it was the rocky hill.
The father worked in the fields by the river.

The boy Giotto tended the sheep on the hill.
There he lay, while the sheep ate.
He looked at the clouds in the blue sky.
He saw the little houses and the green fields.
He watched the sun set behind the hills.
He looked at his sheep with their heads down, eating.
He had nothing to do, and so he took a little stone and scratched on a big smooth rock.
Sometimes he made only crooked marks.
Sometimes he made pictures of his sheep.
He made them lying down.
He made them running.
He made them eating.

II. The Stranger

One day a stranger came up the hill on a horse.
He saw the boy lying down scratching with his stone.

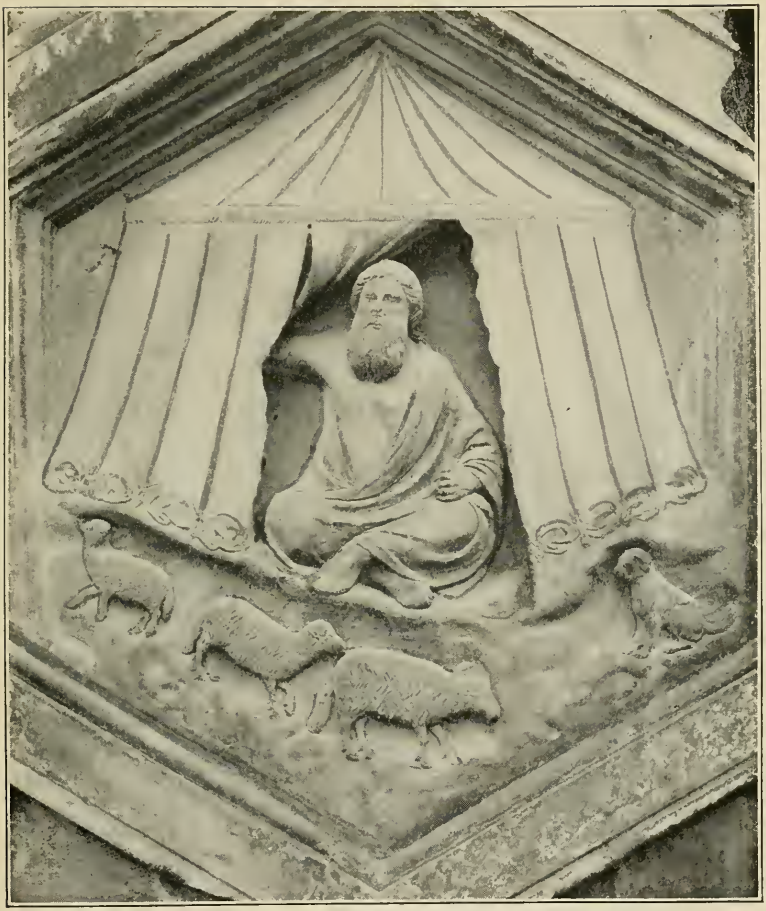
He rode near and stopped.
He looked at the pictures on the rock.
He watched the boy at work.
At last he said: "These are good sheep, my boy. I make pictures myself. I am an artist. I have a workshop down in the city. Come down and work with me. I will teach you to use brush and paints. I will show you how to make pictures of Christ and of angels."
Giotto leaped up with joy.
Of course he wanted to go.
Of course he wanted to learn to paint.
He and the stranger went to his father.
They talked for a long time.
At last the father said, "Yes."
Then Giotto tied some clothes into a bundle.
He kissed his father and mother and started for the city.
He leaped with joy as he went along.



GIOTTO'S BELL TOWER

III. The Artist

Giotto worked for years in the city.
He learned how to paint.
He made very beautiful pictures of Christ and of Mary and of angels.
But he could do other things also.
He could carve marble.
He could make buildings.
He built a beautiful tower for bells.
He made it of marble of different colors—green, white, pink.
He built tall windows in it.
In the walls he put little pictures carved in marble.
One of them is a picture of a man plowing.
Another is a picture of a man sitting in his tent door.
In front of him are his sheep.
They are walking on a hillside.
His dog is watching them.



I think that when Giotto made those pictures he was thinking of his old home, his sheep, and his father's fields.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

(To be read to the children)

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linéd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold,

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And, if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

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MOTHERLESS LAMBS

The wolves had killed three of the mother sheep.

The little lambs cried sadly.

The kind shepherd heard them crying.

He came to them.

"Are you hungry, little lambs?" he said.

"There are no mothers to feed you."

He took them into his arms and carried them to his house.

He warmed some milk and put it into a bottle.

He fed the lambs from this bottle as though they had been babies.

He put warm straw over them and left them in his house.

"Sleep warm, little lambs," he said.

"The wind is cold outside."

Then he went back to the flock in the field.

Twice again that day he came to the house and fed the little motherless things.

So he did for many days.

The lambs would jump up and cry when he came in.

They would follow him about, bleating.

They would rub their noses against his hand.

"They think I am their mother," he laughed.

A CHILL

What can lambkins do
All the keen night through?
Nestle by their woolly mother,
The careful ewe.

What can nestlings do
In the nightly dew?
Sleep beneath their mother's wing
Till day breaks anew.

If in field or tree
There might only be
Such a warm soft sleeping-place
Found for me!

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

SHEPHERDS' JOYS

Shepherds on the hillside, playing pipes,
Calling to each other through your pipes,
Looking at your sheep and at the rocks,
Looking at the hills and at the trees,
Looking at the valleys down below,
And making up tunes on your pipes,

Looking at the craggy mountain side
And looking at the stars at night,
Looking at the deep, blue sky,
And looking at the moon among the clouds—
How sweet is the life of the shepherd!

Written by a second grade

Brown Bros.

HAPPY FAMILIES

On the grassy banks
Lambkins at their pranks;
Woolly sisters, woolly brothers
Jumping off their feet
While their woolly mothers
Watch by them and bleat.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

MY MOTHER'S STORIES

I. Sheep Washing

When I was a little girl I used to like sheep-shearing time.

It was in spring.

The days were warm.

The sheep did not need their thick winter wool.

It began to come out.

When I played in the woods I often found locks of it on the bushes.

"We must not lose any more wool," my father said when he saw it.

"We must do our shearing."

The men put on their high rubber boots and went down to the creek.

We children ran along to watch.

We liked the fun.

The brook ran through the pasture in the woods.

The sheep were running among the trees.

There was a little pen near the brook.

The men drove the sheep into this pen and shut them in.

One man waded out into the brook.

"All ready," he said.

Then another man opened the gate of the pen.

He drove one sheep out and into the water.

The man in the brook caught it.

He held it between his knees in the water.
He washed the wool and squeezed it in his hands.
He pulled out burs and straws and sticks from the wool.
The sheep in the water was very still.
When the man thought the sheep was clean he let it go.
Off it ran into the woods, bleating.
The man in the pen sent out another sheep into the water.
Soon the sheep were all washed.
They ran about in the woods.
We children liked that time best.
What a noise!
What a running about!
Mothers had lost their lambs, and lambs had lost their mothers.
They ran about the woods, bleating, to call each other.
When they met they were very happy.

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SHEARING THE SHEEP

The mothers rubbed the little ones with their noses.
The lambs danced around their mothers.
It was a very pretty sight.
We children laughed with joy.

II. Sheep Shearing

After two or three days the sheep were dry.
The boys swept the barn floor clean.
They drove all the sheep into the front barnyard.
Father took down the sheep shears from the shed and went to the barn.
"Come on," he called when he was ready.
The boys drove a sheep into the barn.
Father caught it and put it between his knees.
Sometimes the sheep tried to get away.
So father tied its legs together.
Then it had to lie quiet.

Clip, clip, went the shears.
The thick wool began to roll off.
It was matted together.
It came off in one piece.
It looked like a whole skin as it lay on the floor.
When it was all cut off, one of the boys tied it into a roll.
Father untied the sheep's legs.
It ran out into the other barnyard, bleating for its friends.
The sheared sheep looked very funny.
Its legs were like little sticks.
Its pink skin showed through its short hair.
The boys drove another sheep in.
Off came its wool.
So father sheared all the sheep.
He looked at the pile of wool in the barn.
"Well," he said, "that will make us all the clothes we need. I think we shall have some to sell."

UP! UP! YE DAMES, AND LASSES GAY!

(To be read to the children)

Up, up! ye dames, and lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'T is you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

S. T. COLERIDGE

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"THE LAMBKIN TOTTERING IN ITS WALK"

SNOWDROP AND LAMB

The lambkin tottering in its walk
With just a fleece to wear;
The snowdrop drooping on its stalk
So slender,—
Snowdrop and lamb, a pretty pair,
Braving the cold for our delight,
Both white,
Both tender.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

AN OLD-FASHIONED EVENING

Your great-grandmother lived in a log house.

There was a big fireplace in it.

The fire made the room light and warm.

In the evening the people all sat around the fireplace.

Your great-grandfather was mending wool-cards.

Your great-grandmother was spinning.

The big wheel went "Whir! Whir!"

Your grandmother was a little girl, but she could card wool.

"Scratch! Scratch!" went the cards.

She made many soft rolls.

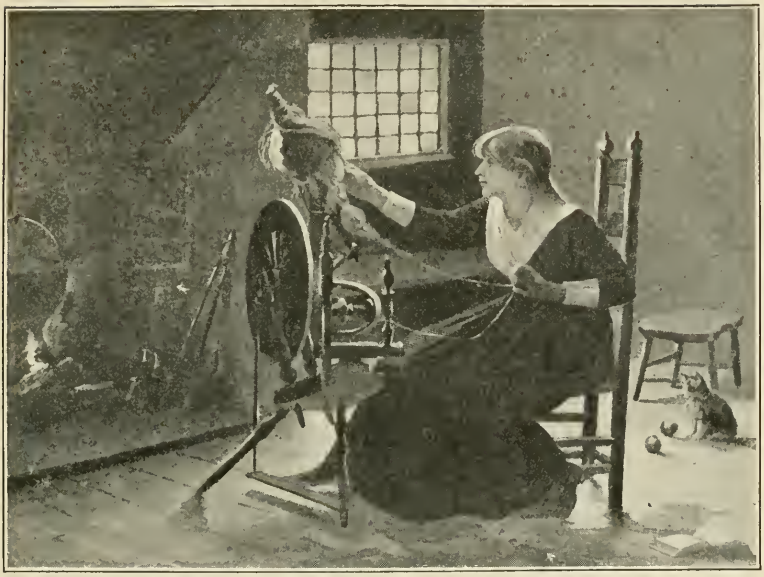
She hung them over a line.

Your great-grandmother took them one at a time and spun them into yarn.

Your great-aunt was a big girl.

She could weave.

Her loom sat in a dark corner.



She was winding bobbins with yarn.
Your great-uncle was a baby.
He was creeping on the floor.
"Goo, goo!" he said.
Splash! Splash!
Your great-grandmother stopped spinning and looked.
"Oh, oh!" she said. "John is in the indigo tub."

THE SPINNER

The spokes are all a blur,
The little wheel goes "Purr,"
The spinner's wheel goes "Whir!"
I think it talks to her.

I watch the running band,
And the spinner's moving hand,
And try to understand
Her every command.

But when I take the thread
And back and forward tread,
They all go out of my head
And leave me afraid instead.

And the thread gets full of knots
And funny slender spots,
And the spinner says, "Lots
Too hard for little tots."

"THE THREAD GETS FULL OF KNOTS"

NAVAJO WORKERS

I. The Weaver

A Navajo woman is sitting outside her house.

The sun is very bright.

The ground is bare and hot.

Little bushes grow here and there.

In the distance sheep and goats are eating the leaves of the bushes.

A man lies watching them.

He has a bright blanket under him.

Far off are red hills of stone.

A few trees grow in the shade of these hills.

The woman turns to her work.

A loom hangs before her.

Many little balls of yarn hang from it.

She is weaving a blanket.

Across the end of it she has made a line of mountains.

Above them she is making double mountains.

Brown Bros.

"ABOVE THEM SHE IS MAKING DOUBLE MOUNTAINS"

Inside the house other blankets are hanging over a pole.

Skeins of bright yarn hang on the wall.

II. The Spinner

Another woman is spinning.

She rolls her little spindle on her knee.

It is full of white yarn.

A pile of wool lies near her.

The weaver says: "The bushes are bare. The sheep can get no leaves. We must move soon."

"Yes," the spinner says, "to-morrow the men will thresh the wheat. Then we will go."

"It will be a long journey," the weaver says.

"Yes," says the spinner. "The next water is far away."

"I cannot weave for many days," the weaver says. "I fear that I shall forget my pattern. The last time we moved I lost my yellow yarn."

III. The Dyer

Now another woman comes to the house.
She has been to the red hills.
She has a big basket full of leaves.
She drops it and sits down.
"Oh!" she says, "the sun is very hot. But here are the peach leaves for your yellow dye."
She gets up and goes into the house.
She takes a big kettle from a corner.
She puts the peach leaves into it.
She takes it to the spring and fills it with water.
Then she hangs it upon a stick and makes a fire under it.
"Take the yarn off your spindle," she says to the spinner. "I will dye it soon."

IV. A Trade

A man rides up on a horse.
"Some Pueblos are coming," he says.

Brown Bros.

"They have their horses loaded with jars. They will trade for blankets."

"Good!" the women say. "Now for a good trade."

They get all their blankets and spread them out.

They need clay jars, but they cannot make them.

The Pueblos make jars, but they cannot make blankets. So they trade.

NAVAJO DESIGNS

Navajo weavers make pictures in their blankets.

They make clouds and mountains and houses.

But they cannot make the pictures just like the things.

They cannot weave curved lines.

They must change the shapes.

These are some of the pictures they make:

is a mountain.

is waves.

is a cloud.

is a mist rising.

is lightning.

is houses in a village.

is a whirlwind.

is the four winds.

says, "An enemy has crossed our trail."

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NAVAJO SHEPHERDS

The Navajo Indians have many sheep.
They want to take good care of the sheep.
So every shepherd cuts a little sheep out of stone.
He puts it into a little bag.
He hangs it around his neck. He says:
"This will make my sheep safe. It will keep wolves away. It will keep sickness away. It will bring little lambs."

A PERSIAN DYER

I. How He Looks

A Persian dyer stands in front of his dye-house.

It is only a little wooden shed.

But he is a proud man.

His father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather were dyers.

They knew the secrets of making wonderful dyes.

This dyer learned all these secrets from his father.

He can make beautiful colors.

His hands are blue with dye.

His baggy trousers are spotted with red.

His face and turban are streaked with purple.

His bare feet are splashed with green and yellow.

But he is proud of that.

He points to the spots.

"See my beautiful colors," he says. "I can make them all. Come in and see."

II. His Work

The little shed is crowded inside.
There are many baskets and little jars on shelves.
They are full of onions and beets and berries and roots and leaves.
All these things are used to make dyes.
Big copper kettles are hanging over fires.
Dyes are boiling in them.
Many big clay jars sit against the walls.
They are full of dye.
The dyes are of many different colors.
Yarn hangs above them, dripping.
The dyer feels of some red yarn.
"This is ready," he says.
He takes it down and carries it to the end of the shed.
There is a ladder to the roof.
He goes up the ladder.
On top the roof is flat and sunny.
There are poles for hanging yarn to dry.

Yarns of many colors hang on them.
He hangs up the red yarn.
He sits down by it.
He watches it all the time.
One minute too long would spoil it.
"The sun is not too hot," the dyer says.
"The wind is right. My color will be beautiful."
After a while he takes it down.
"It is done," he says. "It is the most beautiful red in Persia."

DYEING CLOTH

We wanted to dye cloth for weaving rugs.

We put a teaspoonful of cream of tartar into a bag.

We put a teaspoonful of cochineal and a teaspoonful of alum into the bag.

Then we put the bag into a pan of water.

We let the water boil.

After a while we took the bag out of the water.

The water was red.

This was the dye.

Then we put our cloth into the dye to boil.

When we took it out it was red.

We used many other things for dyes.

Walnut hulls made a brown dye.

Fustic made a yellow dye.

Blackberries made a red dye.

Red cabbage with alum made a red dye.

Red cabbage with cream of tartar made a blue dye.

Written by a second grade

"IN THE MIDDLE IS A TREE"

A PERSIAN WEAVER

A Persian weaver is weaving a rug.
Nahid is her name.
Another rug hangs on the wall.
Nahid likes to look at it.
It is soft and fine.
It is very beautiful.
There is a vine around the edge.
In the middle is a tree.
There are many lovely flowers on the branches of the tree.
It is a very old rug.
It has hung on the wall a long time.
The weaver's great-grandmother made this old rug.
Now the weaver is making one like it.
It is almost done.
"This is my last row," she says.
When the rug is done, Nahid looks at it lovingly.
"You are very beautiful," she says.

She rubs her hand over it.

"You are very soft. You are made of lambs' wool.

"My husband spun the yarn, and my father dyed it.

"I wish I could keep you. I love you so much.

"But you will bring me much money.

"I wonder who will buy you. Will your new master love you? I will send a letter to him."

She goes to a wise man in the village.

"Write me a letter," she says to him.

"Say, 'Be kind to me. Nahid took four years to make me.'"

The man writes the letter.

The woman takes it home and sews it to her rug.

"I wish you good luck, my beautiful rug," she says.

And then she has to sell it.

A RUG FAIR

I. The Ride

Many Persian weavers do not live in big cities.

Some live in tents in the mountains.

Many live in clay houses in little villages.

The men are shepherds and dyers.

The women weave rugs.

These people seldom see big cities.

But sometimes the men go to fairs.

They go to sell their rugs.
They take the rugs from their village and roll them up.
They tie the rolls to their camels.
They ride for many days. The city is a long way from their village.
They meet other men who are going to the fair.
The roads are full of horses and mules and camels.

II. At the Inn

At night they stop at inns.
The inn is a big, low house.
There is a yard in the middle.
There are rooms around the sides.
The yard is full of camels and horses and mules.
The men make a bonfire in the courtyard.
They sit around it and talk and sing.
Some men tell stories.

Some men play tricks.
They all dance and run races and shoot at a mark.

III. The Fair

The next day they all go on again.
At last they come to a big city.
Here is the rug market.
The men leave their horses at an inn
They take their rugs to the market.
It is an open square.
There are houses around the sides.
The men unroll their rugs.
They lay them on the ground or hang them on the walls.
There are thousands of other rugs.
Many men are looking at them.
Some have come to sell their rugs.
Some have come from big cities to buy.
They look at the rugs and feel of them.
Everybody is talking.

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After a few days the rugs are all sold. Then the fair is over, and the men go home.

THE OLD WEAVER

"O weaver, pray what do you see all day?
Your fingers are busy with shuttle and thread,
Your stamping feet make the heddles play,
But what are you doing inside of your head?"

"My child, I am holding a weavers' show.
A thousand looms are set up in a street;
A thousand wonderful weavers go
From loom to loom with lingering feet.

And every weaver's a dress of his own—
A Turk with his fez, an Arab white,
A blanketed Indian stalking alone,
A tapestry lady led by her knight,

A weaver from India bearing a shawl,
A woman from Switzerland leading her goat,

Your greatest great-grandmama dressed for
a ball,
And I in my baggy old breeches and coat.

And whatever you want you can see on
those looms,
Fine ladies from China, a Persian tree,
The lilies of France, and Japan's peach
blooms.
It 's the finest show you could wish to see."

FOR TEACHERS

THE LITTLE BROOK ON JOHN RIDD'S FARM

I. STORIES

To be read or told to the children

THE GREAT WINTER

John Ridd was a large, strong man, an English farmer long ago. On his farm were hills and rocks and meadows, and a little brook running through it. There was a broad, snug old house of stone and a wide, low barn and many little buildings here and there. And there were horses and cattle in the barn and hundreds of fowls in the fowl yard and sheep in the meadow, and they all had the best of care. But one autumn, early, there came in the night a piercing cold and a heavy snow. When John waked in the morning, he found his room strangely dark, and he could not see through his windows, and feathery snow had blown through the cracks and lay piled up on the sill. A look outside showed him that all the world was snow. Then he thought of his sheep out in the windy meadow. In great haste he dressed and went out and floundered through the deep snow and took a heavy staff from a pile of poles and called his three men to come and help. And this is the way he tells the story of their day's work:

With spades, and shovels, and pitchforks, and a round of roping, we four set forth to dig out the sheep; and the poor things knew that it was high time.

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours.

For one of the men, who had been out all night, said that no snow began to fall until nearly midnight. And there it was blocking up the doors, stopping the ways, and making it very hard to walk. However, we trudged along on a line,— I first, and the other men after me; trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it. For all this time it was snowing harder than it ever had snowed before, so far as a man might guess at it; and the leaden depth of the sky came down, like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so large; for I have seen much larger flakes in a shower of March, while sowing peas; but that there was no room between them, neither any stopping, nor any change of direction.

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very cheerfully, leaping out of the depth, which already, even, took him over the ears and back even in the level places; while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight, and never found his way out again. However, we helped him now and then especially through the gaps and gateways; and so, after a deal of floundering, some laughter, and a little swearing, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was hurdled.

But behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere; only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow, as high as a barn and as broad as a house. This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast. And all the while from

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the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white, and pointed with the barbs of frost.

But although, for people who had no sheep, the sight was a very fine one; yet for us, with our flock beneath it, this great mound had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once, and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there, and his business taken from him. But we four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shoveling away at the great white pile, and pitching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft, cold snow which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him in piles of castled fancy. At last we drove our tunnels in (for we worked indeed for the lives of us) and all

converging toward the middle, held our tools and listened.

The other men heard nothing at all; or declared that they heard nothing, being more anxious to abandon the matter, because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said, "Go, if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself, you pie-crusts!" and upon that they gripped their shovels, being more or less of Englishmen; and the least drop of English blood is worth the best of any other when it comes to lasting out.

But before we began again, I laid my head well into the chamber and there I heard a faint "ma-a-ah," coming through some ells of snow, like a plaintive buried hope, or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was — to wit, the most valiant of all the wethers, who had met me when I came home from London, and been so glad to see me. And then we all fell to again, and very soon we hauled him out. Watch took charge of him at once, lying on his frozen fleece, and licking all his face and feet, to restore his warmth to him. Then fighting Tom jumped up at once, and made a little butt at Watch as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place, and looked for something to nibble at.

Further in and close under the bank, where they had huddled for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep packed, as closely as if they were in a great pie. It was strange to observe how their vapor, and breath, and the moisture exuding from their wool, had scooped, as it were, a covered room for them,

lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow. Also the churned snow beneath their feet was yellow. Two or three of the weaklier ones were dead from want of air, and from pressure; but more than three score were as lively as ever, though cramped and stiff for a little while.

"However shall us get 'em home?" John Frey asked, in great dismay when we had cleared about a dozen of them; which we were forced to do very carefully, so as not to fetch the roof down.

"You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment. "Let no more of them out for the present; they are better where they be. Watch! here, boy, keep them."

Watch came; with his little scut of a tail cocked as sharp as duty; and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great snow cave. All the sheep sidled away, and got closer, that the other sheep might be bitten first, as the foolish things imagined; whereas no good sheep dog ever so much as lips a sheep to turn it.

Then of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled) I took the two finest and heaviest, and with one beneath my right arm and the other beneath my left, I went straight home to the upper sheppey, and set them inside, and fastened them. Sixty and six I took home in that way, two at a time on each journey; and the work grew harder and harder each time, as the drifts of the snow were deepening. People talk of it to this day: but none can tell what the labor was, who have not felt that snow and wind.

LORNA DOONE, by R. D. BLACKMORE

THE SHEPHERD LAD AND THE GIANT

The lad David tended his father's sheep, but his brothers were in the army of King Saul. And his father Jesse said unto David, "Take now this bag of parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare."

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle; for Israel and the Philistines were fighting, one against the other. And David ran into the army, and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion Goliath out of the army of the Philistines, and he stood and cried to the armies of Israel, and said unto them, "Why are you come out to set your battle in array? Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall you be our servants and serve us. I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together."

Now all the men of Israel, when they saw Goliath, fled from him, and were sore afraid; for he was a giant, and he was armed with brass on his head, and his legs,

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DAVID THE SHEPHERD LAD

and on his body; and a man bearing a shield went before him.

And David heard Goliath's words, and he spake to the man that stood by him, saying, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine?"

And the people answered him after this manner, saying, "The king will enrich that man with just riches, and will give him his daughter for wife."

Now David's eldest brother was angered that David should speak of fighting, seeing that he was only a lad, and he said, "Why camest thou down hither? And with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart, for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle."

But the people told King Saul David's words, and he sent for him. And David said to Saul, "Let no man's heart fail because of Goliath; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

And Saul said to David, "Thou art not able to go against the Philistine to fight with him; for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this Philistine shall be as one of them. The Lord that delivered me out of the

paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And Saul said unto David, "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he tried to go. But David said unto Saul, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them."

And David put the armor off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine. And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David, "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with a staff?"

And the Philistine cursed David by his gods, and he said to David, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hastened, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag and took thence a stone, and slang it and smote the Philistine

in his forehead, so that the stone sank into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine and slew him, but there was no sword in the hand of David.

THE BIBLE

ODYSSEUS AND THE GIANT SHEPHERD

We had been on the gray sea many days, and many storms had smitten us, and much ill fortune had we suffered so that our hearts were sick and our bodies sore. Then we came to a land, wooded and sweet, and we saw a cave on the border near to the sea, lofty and roofed over with laurels, and there many flocks of sheep and goats were used to rest. And before it was a yard fenced high with stones and with tall pines and oaks with their high crown of leaves.

Then I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to tarry there by the ship, and to guard the ship, but I chose out twelve men, the best of my company, and sallied forth. Now I had with me a goat-skin of the dark wine and sweet. With this wine I filled a great skin, and bare it with me, and corn, too, I put in a wallet.

Soon we came to the cave but we found the man not within; he was shepherding his fat flocks in the pastures. So we went into the cave, and gazed on all that was therein. The baskets were well-laden with cheeses, and the folds were thronged with lambs and kids; each kind was penned by itself, the firstlings apart, and the summer lambs apart, apart too the younglings of the flock. Now all the vessels swam with whey, the milk-pails and the bowls, the well-wrought vessels whereinto he milked.

Then we kindled a fire, and took of the cheeses, and

did eat, and sat waiting for him till he came back, shepherding his flocks. He was a monstrous thing and fashioned marvelously, nor was he like to any man that lives by bread, but like a wooded peak of the towering hills, which stands out apart and alone from others; and but one eye he had, and that in the middle of his forehead. And he bore a great weight of dry wood against supper time. This log he cast down with a din inside the cave, and in fear we fled to the secret place of the rock. As for him, he drave his fat flocks into the cavern, even all that he was wont to milk; but the males both of the sheep and of the goats he left without in the deep yard. Thereafter he lifted a huge door-stone and weighty, and set it in the mouth of the cave, such an one as two and twenty good four-wheeled wagons could not raise from the ground, so mighty a sheer rock did he set against the doorway. Then he sat down and milked the ewes and bleating goats all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. And anon he curdled one half of the white milk, and massed it together, and stored it in wicker baskets, and the other half he let stand in pails, that he might have it to take and drink against supper time. Now when he had done all his work busily, then he kindled the fire anew, and espied us, and made question:

"Strangers, who are ye? Whence sail ye over the wet ways?"

So spake he, but as for us, our heart within us was broken for terror of the deep voice and his monstrous

shape; yet despite all I answered and spake unto him, saying:

"Lo, we are Greeks, driven wandering from Troy, by all manner of winds over the great gulf of the sea; seeking our homes we fare; but we have lighted here, and come to these thy knees, if perchance thou wilt give us a stranger's gift."

So I spake, and out of his pitiless heart he answered me not a word, but sprang up, and laid his hands upon my fellows, and clutching two together ate them up. Then he lay down within the cave, stretched out among his sheep.

So I took counsel in my great heart, whether I should draw near and pluck my sharp sword from my side, and stab him in the breast, feeling for the place with my hand. But my second thought withheld me, for so should we too have perished there with utter doom. For we should not have been able to roll away with our hands from the lofty door the heavy stone which he set there. So for that time we made moan, awaiting the bright dawn.

Now when the early dawn shown forth, the rosy-fingered, again he kindled the fire and milked his goodly flocks all orderly, and beneath each ewe set her lamb. Anon when he had done all his work busily, again he seized yet other two men and made ready his mid-day meal. And after the meal, lightly he moved away the great door-stone, and drave his fat flocks forth from the cave, and afterwards he set it in his place again. Then with a loud whoop, he turned his

fat flocks towards the hills; but I was left devising evil against him and a way of escape in the deep of my heart.

And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. There lay by a sheep-fold a great club of the Cyclops, a club of olive-wood, yet green, which he had cut to carry with him when it should be seasoned. Now when we saw it we likened it in size to the mast of a black ship of twenty oars, so huge it was to view in bulk and length. I stood thereby and cut off from it a portion, and set it by my fellows, and bade them fine it down, and they made it even, while I stood by and sharpened it to a point, and straightway I took it and hardened it in the bright fire. Then I laid it well away, and hid it. And I bade my company cast lots among them, which of them should risk the adventure with me, and lift the bar and turn it about in his eye, when sweet sleep came upon him. And the lot fell upon those four whom I myself would have been fain to choose, and I appointed myself to be the fifth among them. In the evening he came, shepherding his flocks of goodly fleece, and presently he drave his fat flocks into the cave each and all, nor left he any without in the deep courtyard. Thereafter he lifted the huge door-stone and set it in the mouth of the cave, and sitting down he milked the ewes and bleating goats, all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. Now when he had done all his work busily, again he seized yet other two men and made ready his supper. Then I stood by the Cyclops

and spake to him, holding in my hands an ivy bowl of the dark wine:

"Cyclops, take and drink wine after thy feast of man's flesh, that thou mayest know what manner of drink this was that our ship held. And lo, I was bringing it thee as a drink offering, if haply thou mayest take pity on me and send me on my way home."

So I spake, and he took the cup and drank it off, and found great delight in drinking the sweet draught, and asked me for it yet a second time:

"Give it me again of thy grace, and tell me thy name straightway, that I may give thee a stranger's gift, wherein thou mayest be glad."

So he spake, and again I handed him the dark wine. Thrice I bare and gave it him, and thrice in his folly he drank it to the lees. Now when the wine had got about the wits of the Cyclops, then did I speak to him with soft words:

"Cyclops, thou askest me my renowned name, and I will declare it unto thee, and do thou grant me a stranger's gift, as thou didst promise. Noman is my name, and Noman they call me, my father and my mother and all my fellows."

So I spake, and straightway he answered me out of his pitiless heart:

"Noman will I eat last in the number of his fellows, and the others before him; that shall be thy gift."

Therewith he sank backward and fell with face upturned, and there he lay with his great neck bent round, and sleep, that conquers all men, overcame him. Then I thrust in that stake under the deep ashes, until it should grow hot, and I spake to my companions comfortable words, lest any should hang back from me in fear. But when that bar of olive wood was just about to catch fire in the flame, green though it was, and began to glow terribly, even then I came nigh, and drew it from the coals, and my fellows gathered about me, and some god breathed great courage into us. We seized the bar of olive-wood that was sharpened at the point, and thrust it into his eye. And he raised a great and terrible cry, that the rock rang around, and we fled away in fear, while he plucked the brand forth from his eye. Then maddened with

pain he cast it from him with his hands, and called with a loud voice on the other Cyclops, who dwelt about him in the caves along the windy heights. And they heard the cry and flocked together from every side, and gathering round the cave asked him what ailed him:

"What hath so distressed thee, Polyphemus, that thou criest thus aloud through the immortal night, and makest us sleepless? Surely no mortal driveth off thy flocks against thy will; surely none slayeth thee by force or craft?"

And the strong Polyphemus spake to them again from out the cave:

"My friends, Noman is slaying me."

And they answered and spake winged words:

"If, then, no man is hurting thee, we cannot help thee."

On this wise they spake and departed; and my heart within me laughed to see how my name and cunning counsel had deceived him. But the Cyclops, groaning and travailing in pain, groped with his hands, and lifted away the stone from the door of the cave, and himself sat in the entry, with arms outstretched to catch, if he might, any one that was going forth with his sheep. But I advised me how all might be for the very best, if perchance I might find a way of escape from death for my companions and myself, and I wove all manner of craft and counsel, as a man will for his life, seeing that great mischief was nigh. And this was the counsel that showed best in

my sight. The rams of the flock were well nurtured and thick of fleece, great and goodly, with wool dark as the violet. Quietly I lashed them together with twisted twigs, whereon the Cyclops slept, that lawless monster. Three rams together I took: now under the middle one of the three I bound each a man, but the other two went on either side, saving my fellows. But as for me I laid hold of the back of a young ram who was far the best and the goodliest of all the flock, and curled beneath his shaggy belly there I lay, and so clung face upward, grasping the wondrous fleece with a steadfast heart. So for that time making moan we awaited the bright dawn.

So soon as early dawn shown forth, the rosy-fingered, then did the rams of the flock hasten forth to pasture, but the ewes bleated unmilked about the pens. Then their lord, sore stricken with pain, felt along the backs of all the sheep as they stood up before him, and guessed not in his folly how that my men were bound beneath the breasts of his thick-fleeced flocks. Last of all the sheep came forth the ram, cumbered with his wool and the weight of me. And the strong Polyphemus laid his hands on him and spake to him, saying:

"Dear ram, wherefore, I pray thee, art thou the last of all the flocks to go forth from the cave, who of old wast not wont to lag behind the sheep, but wert ever the foremost to pluck the tender blossom of the pasture, faring with long strides, and wert still the first to come to the streams of the rivers, and first

didst long to return to the homestead in the evening. But now art thou the very last. Surely thou art sorrowing for the eye of thy lord, which an evil man blinded, with his accursed fellows, when he had subdued my wits with wine, even Noman, whom I say hath not yet escaped destruction. Ah, if thou couldst feel as I, and be endued with speech, to tell me where he shifts about to shun my wrath; then should he be smitten."

Therewith he sent the ram forth from him, and when we had gone but a little way from the cave and from the yard, first I loosed myself from under the ram and then I set my fellows free. And swiftly we drave

on those stiff-shanked sheep, so rich in fat, and often turned to look about, till we came to the ship. And a glad sight to our fellows were we that had fled from death, but the others they would have bemoaned with tears; howbeit I suffered it not, seeing that we were yet in danger, but with frowning brows forbade each man to weep. Rather I bade them to cast on board the many sheep with goodly fleece, and to sail over the salt sea water. So they embarked forthwith, and sate upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the gray sea water with their oars. But when I had not gone so far into the sea but that a man's shout might be heard, then I spoke unto the Cyclops taunting him:

"Cyclops, so thou wert not to eat the company of a weakling by main might in thy hollow cave! Thine evil deeds were very sure to find thee out, thou cruel man, who hadst no shame to eat thy guests within thy gates."

So I spake, and he was yet the more angered at heart, and he brake off the peak of a great hill and threw it at us, and it fell in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, and the backward flow of the wave bare the ship quickly to the dry land, with the wash from the deep sea, and drave it to the shore. Then I caught up a long pole in my hands, and thrust the ship from off the land, and roused my companions, and with a motion of the head bade them dash in with their oars, that so we might escape our evil plight. So they bent to

their oars and rowed on. But when we had now made twice the distance over the brine I answered him again from out an angry heart:

"Cyclops, if any one of mortal men shall ask thee of the unsightly blinding of thine eye, say that it was Odysseus that blinded it."

Then we sailed onward stricken at heart, yet glad as men saved from death, albeit we had lost our dear companions.

THE ODYSSEY
(BUTCHER AND LANG, translators)

AN ARAB AND HIS HORSE

The land of Arabia was full of Muleykeh's name. "She is the Jewel of horses," men said, "Muleykeh, the Unbeaten One."

There was never a race run where Muleykeh did not win. Up and down the desert track the men would stand in their white robes, watching. The signal would be given. Off the ten horses would start at a bound. Then the crowd would cheer wildly.

"The white horse wins!" they would cry; then in another moment, "The black! The black!"

And all the time Muleykeh's cream-colored tail would be streaming at the end of the line, while her master Hoseyn would sit lazily on her shining back. Then, in the middle of the race he would lean over her neck and touch her right ear and press his left heel to her flank.

"Now, my pearl, child of my heart!" he would whisper.

Then Muleykeh's sharp ears would shoot forward, she would stretch out her beautiful neck and skim the ground like a gull. She would pass the last horse, she would gain on the next. She would leave behind the white one, the black, the bay. She would give them her dust to eat, and would fly in at the end of the course alone, while the crowd waved their sashes and shouted, "Muleykeh again! Muleykeh the Proud, the Unbeaten One!"

And as Hoseyn leaped off her glossy back and

AN ARAB AND HIS HORSE

stroked her arching neck, he would laugh aloud with joy. Then all the men would crowd around to gaze at her slender legs, to feel her mane that was like silk, to look at her large soft eyes, the beautiful eyes of a deer. And always one of those that looked was Duhl the Wealthy, owner of thousands of camels and of great flocks of sheep and of a hundred horses, but none like Muleykeh.

One day Hoseyn sat in his ragged tent's door. The tent of a beggar it was, but there lived the master of Muleykeh, the horse without price; and as men passed, they looked with envy at Hoseyn.

And Duhl came on one of his hundred horses. He took off his embroidered saddle with its silver stirrups and flung it down and stood at the tent door and opened wide his hands in greeting and said, "Peace!"

And Hoseyn rose and courteously said, "Peace! Enter and eat of my bread and salt."

And they sat and talked of this thing and that, until Duhl said: "They say that you are poor, Hoseyn; that you lost all your flocks and herds in a time of trouble. But Muleykeh, they say, is worth a hundred camels. Yet I am not a stingy man; I will give you a thousand for her."

And Hoseyn lifted his eyebrows and smiled.

"A thousand camels for a horse?" he said. "It is a good bargain. But Muleykeh is not a horse. She is the child of my heart, the wife of my bosom. She is not for sale."

"But are you mad?" Duhl cried. "A thousand camels would give milk for your tribe. You could feast them for a thousand days on camel's meat."

Then Hoseyn led him to a corner of the tent where Muleykeh stood daintily nosing over a bowl of golden dates. A ray of sunshine touched her, and she glowed in the dark corner like pale gold. She turned to her master with a soft nicker of love, and the star on her forehead gleamed, and the beautiful splash on her breast gleamed white.

"'Look at her, Duhl," said Hoseyn. "Lay your hand on her shining coat. I rub it down three times a day with cloth of silk. Run your fingers through her mane, like the lovely hair of a princess. Daily I comb it with an ivory comb. See her slender ankles and her tapering legs, as graceful as a dancer's, and her eyes of an antelope. Would a thousand humped backs and a thousand knotted legs and spreading feet and a thousand rough fleeces of camel's hair fill my heart if I lost her? No, I will feast my tribe on Muleykeh's beauty instead of on camel's meat. They shall drink of her fame in the place of camel's milk, and they will like it better, I think. Go, rich Duhl, and leave the beggar his only pearl."

And Duhl went with frowning brow, but in another year he came again.

"Peace!" he said again to Hoseyn.

And Hoseyn answered, "Peace! Enter and sit. You are not well, my brother."

"It is my heart that is sick," Duhl answered.

"Every night I dream of Muleykeh; all day I long for her. I take no pleasure in my flocks and herds. I sit in my tent corner and cannot eat or drink. 'What will you have?' says my wife. 'Are you not Duhl the man of riches?' 'But of what use is my wealth?' I say. 'It will not buy Muleykeh.' 'Hoseyn is a man of tender heart,' answers my wife. 'All Arabia knows it. Did he not give his only robe to a beggar? And did he not once kill the very camel he rode — his last — to feast a stranger? He would not see a brother grow sick with longing for anything of his. Go to him and tell him your trouble of heart!' And I have come. Give me Muleykeh, Hoseyn, for my life's sake!"

But Hoseyn shook his head.

"She is not mine to give away," he said. "God gave her to me to bless an empty heart. You have a wife to love and a son to cheer you. I have only Muleykeh, and Muleykeh has only me. I have brought her up from the time she was born. She has eaten from no hand but mine. No hand but mine has polished her hoofs and rubbed her coat. I have taught her to run, and together we have won the races. We share our bed at night. If I were the lord of a thousand other horses, Duhl, you should have them. But a man does not give away his wife or his child."

So Duhl went home across the flat desert to his rich tent. And he sat down in a dark corner and clutched his beard, and envy and rage ate his heart. He would not eat, he would not drink, he drove his wife and son

from him with furious words. Late, in the dark of the night, when all the village slept, he rose and went stealthily out and across the empty desert with no one to see. At Hoseyn's tent he stood still and listened. Stealthily he opened the tent-flap and peered within. Slowly the starlight showed him Buheyseh, Muleykeh's sister, standing in a corner all saddled and bridled, ready for her master to mount and follow if a thief should steal "Pearl." But how was a thief to do it? There stood the beautiful horse asleep, with her nose dropped down to her master's shoulder. For he lay asleep on the ground at her feet. And the silken rope of her halter was three times wound about his wrist and tied.

Duhl's heart leaped into his mouth with love and envy. Then stealthily he crawled into the tent and stealthily fastened the flap wide open. Still Hoseyn and Muleykeh slept. Slowly, carefully Duhl crept over, took a sharp knife from his girdle, and softly cut the halter rope off. Then he leaped to Muleykeh's back, clapped his heels to her side, and shouted "Go!"

The horse sprang forward with fright at the sudden shout and the clapping heels. Out of the tent door she shot like a golden arrow. With one bound Hoseyn leaped from his dream to Buheyseh's back and was after the thief. Across the desert flew Duhl on the unbeaten horse, and behind him flew Hoseyn on a horse that could not hope to win. And yet she was coming nearer. She smelled the dust of her sister's flying feet. Soon she heard the swift hoofs strike the

sand. She was stretching her nose out toward the streaming tail of gold! She was winning! Hoseyn leaned over her head, wondering and encouraging her.

"Well done, my Buheyseh," he whispered. "We shall win! Duhl rides like an ape. We shall win!"

And he stretched out his hand, itching to pull the thief from the back of his "Pearl." Then a thought flashed into his mind and froze him.

"Beat Muleykeh? Kill her fame? No longer the 'Unbeaten One' after that. No longer the matchless 'Pearl.' It is Duhl's fault, that rides like an ape. If I were on her back now, to touch her ear and press her flank!"

Then he shouted in anger, "Fool! Touch her right ear and press your left heel to her flank."

And Duhl did it; and Muleykeh, hearing her master's voice and feeling her secret signal, threw her heels to the wind, and was across the desert and out of sight in a breath. And her master pulled up Buheyseh and stood still and gazed after her as though his heart had been under her feet. Then he turned his horse and rode slowly homeward, weeping, in the dark night.

Retold from ROBERT BROWNING'S "Muléykeh"

ISAAC AND REBEKAH

Abraham was the master of many flocks. And the country was not rich in grass but barren, and because the flocks must needs have pasture, behold, Abraham left the land of his people and drave all his flocks, his camels and his sheep and his asses, before him. And there went with him all the people of his house, Sarah his wife, and his men-servants, and maid-servants. And Abraham took also his silver and gold and all his substance, for he was very rich. And he pitched his tent for no long time in one place, but he removed to new pastures, he and his people and his cattle and all his goods. And he built altars unto the Lord in the places where he dwelt. And because the land was a dry land, he dug wells for the watering of his sheep and for the good of his people. And the wells of Abraham were a blessing unto the land. From Haran even unto Egypt were the journeyings of Abraham. And God blessed him and prospered him, and when Abraham was old, God gave unto him a son. And Abraham called the name of his son Isaac, and he loved him exceeding much.

And when Isaac was grown, his father thought to get a wife for him. And it pleased him not that his son should take a wife from among the strangers where he dwelt, but Abraham thought upon his native country and upon his kindred and upon his brother Nahor where he dwelt in the city of Haran. And Abraham called his eldest servant that ruled his house, and he

said, "Thou shalt go unto my country and to my kindred and take a wife unto my son Isaac."

And the servant took ten camels of the camels of his master, and departed; and he arose and went unto the city of Nahor. And he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the time that the women go out to draw water. But he knew not what damsel to choose for his master's son's wife. And he said: "O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day, and shew kindness unto my master Abraham. Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water; and let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, 'Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink,' and she shall say, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also'; let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac, and thereby shall I know that thou hast shewn kindness unto my master."

And it came to pass, before he had done speaking, that, behold, Rebekah came out, who was born to Bethuel the wife of Nahor, Abraham's brother, with her pitcher upon her shoulder. But the servant knew not that she was the daughter of Nahor. And the damsel was very fair to look upon; and she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher, and came up. And the servant ran to meet her, and said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher."

And she said, "Drink, my lord."

And she hasted, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said, "I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking."

And she hasted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels. And it came to pass, as the camels had done drinking, that the man took a golden earring, and two bracelets of gold for her hands, and said, "Whose daughter art thou? Tell me, I pray thee, is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?"

And she said unto him, "I am the daughter of Bethuel, which she bare unto Nahor." She said moreover unto him, "We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in."

And the man bowed down his head and worshiped the Lord. And he said, "Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham. I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren."

And the damsel ran, and told them of her mother's house these things; for her father was dead. And Rebekah had a brother, and his name was Laban; and Laban ran out unto the man, unto the well. And it came to pass, when he saw the earrings and bracelets upon his sister's hands, and when he heard the words of Rebekah his sister, saying, "Thus spake the man unto me"; that he came unto the man; and, behold, he stood by the camels at the well. And he said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore

standest thou without? for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels."

And the man came into the house: and Laban ungirded his camels, and gave straw and provender for the camels, and water to wash his feet, and the men's feet that were with him. And there was set meat before him to eat: but he said, "I will not eat until I have told mine errand."

And Laban said, "Speak on."

And he said, "I am Abraham's servant. And the Lord hath blessed my master greatly; and he is become great: and he hath given him flocks, and herds, and silver, and gold, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and camels, and asses. And Sarah my master's wife bare a son to my master when she was old: and unto him hath he given all that he hath. And my master made me swear, saying, 'Thou shalt not take a wife to my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, in whose land I dwell: but thou shalt go unto my father's house, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son.'"

Then he told Laban how he had come that day unto the well, and how he had prayed unto the Lord to show him what maiden he should choose unto Isaac, and how God had answered his prayer and had sent out Rebekah unto him. And he said, "Now if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand, or to the left."

Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, "The thing proceedeth from the Lord. Behold, Rebekah is

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before thee, take her, and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken."

And the servant brought forth jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah: he gave also to her brother and to her mother precious things. And they did eat and drink, he and the men that were with him, and tarried all night; and they rose up in the morning, and he said, "Send me away unto my master."

And her brother and her mother said, "Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at the least ten; after that she shall go."

And he said unto them, "Hinder me not, seeing the

Lord hath prospered my way; send me away that I may go to my master."

And they said, "We will call the damsel, and enquire at her mouth."

And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, "Wilt thou go with this man?"

And she said, "I will go."

And they sent away Rebekah their sister, and her nurse, and Abraham's servant, and his men. And Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they rode upon the camels and followed the man; and the servant took Rebekah, and went his way.

And Isaac came from the way of the well; for he dwelt in the south country. And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide; and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming. And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel. For she had said unto the servant, "What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us?"

And the servant had said, "It is my master."

Therefore she took a veil, and covered herself.

And the servant told Isaac all things that he had done. And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah and she became his wife; and he loved her.

THE BIBLE

A RUG STORY

There is a wonderful old rug with a pointed window and a hanging lamp and a running vine and leaves and flowers on a crimson ground. Long ago a Persian woman sat in her hut and wove day after day upon this rug. When it was almost finished a rich traveling merchant saw it and bought it.

"This is very beautiful," he said. "I will not sell it. It shall be my own prayer rug. Weave my name into the end."

So the woman wove in the crooked Persian letters, cut the warp and tied the fringe, and the merchant took his rug and was glad to have it. He had three camels packed with rolls of rugs that he meant to sell in a great city. He joined a long caravan to cross the desert. Straight across the wide, yellow sand they went for many days. There was nothing to see as far as the eye could look but blazing sky and blazing sand and swaying camels and tossing riders. Five times every day a call rang out and passed down the long line. Then all those thousand camels stopped and knelt. The drivers, with baggy trousers and turbaned heads, leaped off and pulled out rolls from their saddles somewhere, and spread them out on the sand. They were prayer rugs. Every one had a pointed window of some kind, and all were laid with points toward the blessed city of Mecca. Every man knelt upon his rug and bowed his head to the ground

and chanted a prayer. Then they all rose, mounted their camels, and were off again.

Near sunset one day a speck appeared far over the sand. Slowly it grew bigger and greener. It was a clump of palm trees. Under them was a bubbling spring and soft grass and cool shade. The men drank and bathed their hot faces. They ate a little supper, spread their rugs, and lay down to sleep. The camels lay near, under the stars, chewing their cuds. A few guards tried to keep awake around a watch fire. Suddenly the men leaped up from sleep. Guns were shooting, the camels were crying, the guards were shouting, "Robbers! Robbers!" Wild-looking men with long white robes and swinging curved swords were running about among the camels. Then they leaped upon their waiting horses and were off into the desert, with long rifles shooting back at the men of the caravan.

"They have stolen our horses and our guns," cried the guards. "We cannot chase them."

"Oh!" wailed the people. "Everything is gone — rugs, ivory, spices, gold."

"THEY LEAPED ON THEIR WAITING HORSES AND WERE OFF INTO THE DESERT"

"My prayer rug, too," cried our merchant, "and all my rolls."

The robbers went flying across the desert on their swift horses. Under one dark Bedouin's arm was the prayer rug wrapped around two great tusks of ivory. For an hour they rode with the wind whizzing past their ears. Then they saw the watch fires of their own oasis. As they came near they shouted, "Allah be praised! We bring rich spoil."

The women came out of their tents to see. The men spread out their prizes.

"See! See! Ah! Ah!"

Then they all took their treasures under their arms and crept under their flat black tents to sleep.

The next day the robber shepherd took his new prayer rug as he followed his sheep, and spread it on the thin grass at prayer time, and so he did for many years, now here, now there, in the desert. And when he died, his son had the rug. Sometimes it was spread on green river banks, sometimes in city streets, sometimes on rocky hillsides, sometimes among the sheep, sometimes on the tent floor, sometimes in inn courtyards, until the fringe was ragged and there was a

hole or two. But the crimson ground still glowed, scattered over with its vine and flowers.

One year the tribe had bad luck. A sickness had killed many of their camels. There had been little rain and no grass, and the sheep were thin and their wool poor. The people needed food and camels. The owner of the prayer rug looked at it and said to himself:

"It is very beautiful. Some rich merchant will give me much money for it. I will sell it."

Soon after that the tribe took down the tents, packed the camels, mounted their horses, and were off for the great fair at Mecca. After a day's journey the desert was behind them, a valley with grass and trees and houses was before them. The roads were crowded and noisy with hundreds of caravans. At last they were in the great city of Mecca with its busy streets. They spread out their treasures in the open square, where thousands of men were buying and selling. They got flour and cloth and camels for their rugs and wool and their robber spoils. Then they turned their faces again to the desert and were gone.

A rich merchant had bought the little prayer rug and had put it into a roll with many others. Then upon his camel it went and off over the hills to the sea. There it lay in the hold of a dirty little boat that tossed on blue water for days and days, while Turkish sailors worked the great sails. Then a big steamship took it; and, after that, a railroad train, and here is the old Persian prayer rug for a little American boy to lie upon while he looks at his picture book.

II. CORRELATED MANUAL WORK

The reading matter in this book is of little value except in connection with actual handwork; for it aims to lift manual labor out of the mechanical into the imaginative, to disclose a picture of a world full of men and women doing seriously things that the child himself is doing, making the things that the child is using. If children are themselves weaving, the story of a master weaver will dignify for them their smaller effort, will quicken enthusiasm and fancy. Equally the manual work without such interpretive matter loses value, misses intellectual meaning, remains mere muscular manipulation.

When a child handles a piece of cloth I would have him almost automatically see shepherds with their flocks, grandmother with her wheel, the weaver at his loom. When he walks on rugs I would have him see the black tents of the desert, the dyer of infinite skill and patience, the family with its traditions of weaving. Whenever he sees things, I should like him to see also the workers. The intellectual value of such mental habits I should expect to consist in an interest in social activity and interrelations everywhere, in admiration for good work generally, and in a consequent wish to do good work himself.

WEAVING

Almost every child likes to weave if he is given a chance; for his muscles want exercise, his infant interests are largely interests in activity. The weaving principle is very simple. If you show it once, any child will understand it; yet it will have double value if you let him discover it for himself. Give him strips of paper or cloth to experiment with. He will perhaps make his discovery more quickly if at the same time he has a piece of coarse cloth to ravel. But unless he has already planned to weave something and is doing this consciously to learn how to weave, it will be mere juggling with materials.

FIG. 1. *Bags made by children*

Weaving for little children ought to be very rapid. If they must work many days before they see the end, they weary; then the labor becomes a hated drudgery. To gain rapidity in weaving one must use coarse materials and make a loose mesh. Cotton and woolen rags can be got from home. They should be cut or torn to a width of about half an inch. Raffia can be bought at any seed store; soft jute cord of various thicknesses from a ship chandler or hardware dealer; and candlewick can be got at dry goods stores.

What shall be made with these materials? Whatever it is, let it be something that the child wants to make and really believes to be useful. It is this sense of worth that will give earnestness to all his work, and let me beg that whatever he weaves under this motive be actually used. When a child makes something and himself immediately uses it or sees it used by some one else,

he justly feels the joy and self-respect which is the right of any honest worker. But when he sees it hung up in an "exhibit" or stored away in a trunk as a "memento," he has forced upon him with chagrin the futility of his childish efforts.

From candlewicking he can make a most usable wash cloth or hot-dish mat for the table. (This material must be handled carefully, since it easily pulls apart and is, therefore, not altogether satisfactory.) Some children may choose iron holders for the kitchen, or doll's rugs or doll's hammocks for the playhouse. Others will prefer marble bags or handkerchief bags or sewing bags. All these things are to be woven with the same simple darning stitch.

Let me first describe the loom for weaving the bags. Cut a piece of heavy cardboard of the size required for the bag. One fourth inch from the edges draw lines along two sides and one end of the cardboard. From each of these lines to the nearest edge of the cardboard draw perpendicular lines one fourth of an inch apart. With scissors cut out notches with their inner points at the alternate intersections of the two lines and their outer points at the alternate intersections of the short lines and the edge of the cardboard as in Fig. 2.

Fig. 2

Next the loom must be strung with the warp. Suppose that the material is to be rags. Take a long rag and wind it around and around the loom, passing it through the notches on the sides. Be sure to fasten both ends of this rag, not to the loom, but to itself. Now the loom is ready for weaving.

For a shuttle use a large bodkin or a small meat skewer with a notch cut near the top. Thread a rag through the eye of the bodkin or tie it around the skewer. Fasten the end of this rag to the top warp thread close to the edge of the loom. Carry this woof with a darning stitch from the top end of the loom down one

side, through a notch at the bottom end of the cardboard and up the other side, around the top thread and down again, and so on until the bag is woven. Break the cardboard and take it out through the top. This method makes a bag with three closed sides and one open. Run in two drawstrings at the top. To make a holder omit the strings, fill the bag with padding, and sew up the open side. The warp-rag and woof-rag may be of different colors. If, then, the weaver is careful to keep his rag flat, he will have a plaid. Instead of the rags any one of the coarse materials mentioned may be used. Woolen yarn may be employed for the warp and woolen rags for the woof.

Doll-house rugs may be made in a similar way. These directions I will write as they might be put upon the blackboard for children to read and follow. Such reading seems to me of particular value. It demands thorough understanding of the idea involved — reading for thought, not for words; it makes immediate and practical use of the information gained and so proves to the child the usefulness of reading. The other directions I have written for the teacher, not for the children, for three reasons. Some of the processes are difficult of written explanation and need actual demonstration, and when directions are advisable the teacher, knowing the mental habits of her own children, can best frame them. But I believe that in most cases the best way is for the children to invent or to help invent their own looms and methods of weaving. Each child may work out his own way, or the class may work together, approximate a method, and compose their own directions. This reading lesson, then, is submitted only as an example of the possibilities of such reading matter.

1. Cut cardboard four inches wide and eight inches long.
2. Put the cardboard on your desk with the short side toward you.
3. Find the upper right-hand corner.
4. Make a dot there one inch from the upper edge.
5. Find the upper left-hand corner
6. Make a dot there one inch from the upper edge.

7. Lay the edge of your ruler on these dots.

8. Draw a line across the cardboard.

9. On this line make dots one fourth of an inch apart.

10. Punch holes on these dots.

11. Do these same things at the other end of the cardboard.

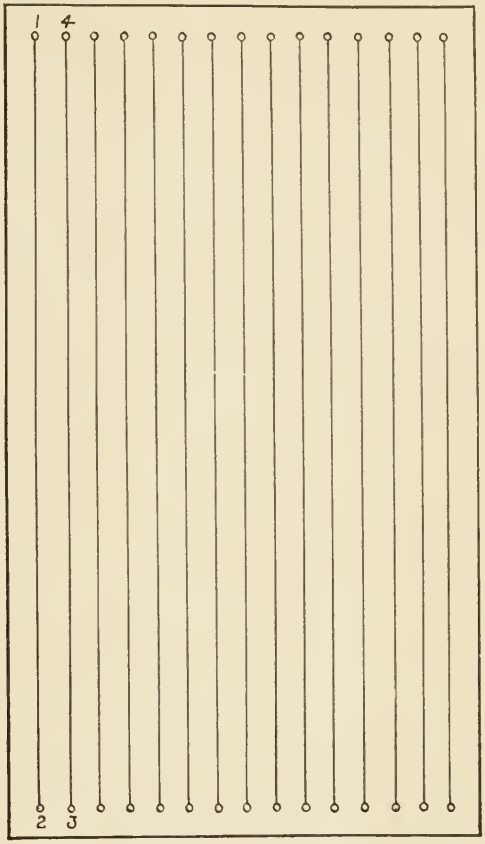

FIG. 3

Thread the loom with white carpet chain or with ordinary white wrapping string. Carry it from hole 1 (Fig. 3) along the front face of the loom to hole 2, on the back from 2 to 3, along the front again from 3 to 4, and so to completion. Fasten the ends with a knot. Weave as before from right to left and back again on the same side. Upon completion break off the cardboard.

Toy hammocks can be made in much the same way. String the loom as for the rug, carrying the threads through brass rings at the back of the loom. (See Fig. 4.) If the holes are arranged in a curve instead of in a straight line, the hammock will have a better shape. Weave with short threads, allowing the ends to hang out as a fringe along the sides. Before taking the hammock

off the loom, fasten these ends to the edge-strings with needle and thread. Hand-twisted wrapping cord is a good material to use.

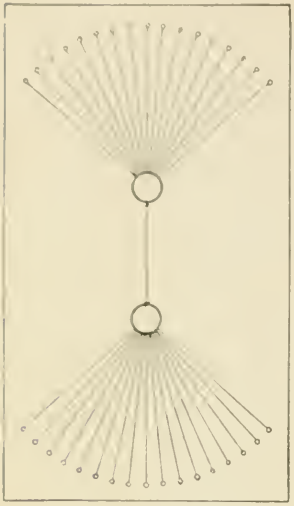

Fig. 4

With a wooden loom larger things can be made. The simplest type is a rectangular board of any desired size with a straight row of nails across each end, perhaps an inch from the end of the wood. The nails should be small brads driven in only half their length. A lighter loom, and one requiring less wood, consists of a rectangular frame, perhaps one and a half feet by two and a half feet, made of four pieces of wood about three inches wide and seven eighths of an inch thick, nailed together at the corners. Into each shorter end-piece, along a straight line, drive small nails one quarter inch apart as before, with half their length standing up. The nails of one end must be exactly opposite the nails of the other end. Tie a long piece of jute cord around nail *a* (Fig. 5), carry it around *b* and *c*, back and around *d* and *c*, and so on to the last nail and fasten it there. If you want fringe at the ends, string the loom with short pieces instead of this one long piece (Fig. 5.) Make them about six inches longer than the loom. Lay one from *a* to *b;* lay a like piece from *d* to *c;* tie the two pieces together at each end, pulling them tight. On both of these looms weave across with jute cord wound around a thin stick for a shuttle. The weave will be prettiest if you use a double cord for both warp and woof instead of a single one. You can make colored stripes across the ends by using a few threads of colored woof, and along the sides by using a few threads of colored warp. When the rug is woven, lift the ends free from the nails. Tie the fringe in groups of twos or fours in big knots.

I have described several kinds of darning weaving. All of these kinds and more can be carried on by the class at once, according to differing wishes and the manual dexterity of the children. This diversity of the form of the same activity gains for the class a feeling of power and freedom, a sense of wide opportunity, an interest in the work of their comrades, and a fuller picture of the possibilities of the craft. We are in danger of falling into the habit of feeling that, of course, all the children must do the same things at the same time and must be working under directions. In our normal, non-school-teacher moments we know better. We know then that no two people have the same interests or powers or needs, that society is the better for diversity in such matters, that it is through individual effort that people grow and are most happy. It is perhaps tradition, perhaps the apparent difficulty of making arrangements and supplying material, that frightens us. But I suspect that our best teaching is done in odd corners of the building or at home, after school or before, at odd times and in odd places, even when we are absent. Moreover, after such individual work is started it can be carried on in the classroom while other people are at their chosen work. If, at the same time in a room, one child is weaving a marble-bag on a piece of cardboard, another making a rag rug for her doll house, another weaving a hammock, another knitting a doll's tam-o'-shanter on a spool, another in a corner working at a community rug on a foot-power loom, another on the floor making a jute rug for the bathroom at home, weaving will be to every child there a varied, absorbingly interesting, and worthy industry; and every child will seem to himself a dignified member of an industrious guild of real workers making something worth while.

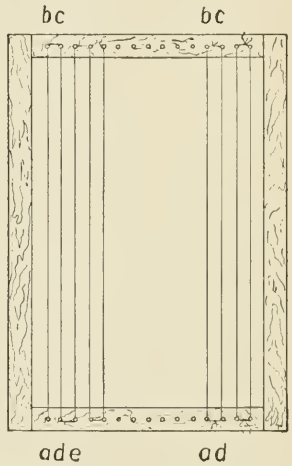

FIG. 5

SPECIAL LOOMS

For these reasons I will describe here a more complicated kind of loom and of weaving than are fitted to most children of the second grade. But in many classes there will be a few boys who, while they feel only a lukewarm interest in the simple work thus far described, will revel in the more difficult task of weaving with a heddle.

The principle of the heddle is this: One set of threads is lifted while the alternate set is depressed or remains on the middle level. This makes a space between the two sets of threads where the shuttle is to be pushed through. This space is called the shed. After a woof thread is put in, the sets of threads are reversed; the first is down, the second is up. Another woof thread is put in, the heddle again shifted, and so the work continues.

The success of this kind of weaving depends upon the good working quality of the heddle. The distance between threads must be fairly equal throughout. The threads must play up and down without catching. The heddle must be durable so that it shall not break in the middle of the work. It must make a sufficient shed for the shuttle to pass easily. The loom must give room for the heddle to play up and down.

In order to give room for the play of the heddle the level of the threads must be a few inches above the bottom of the loom. That is the reason for the high ends of the loom I shall describe.

In the loom shown in Figs. 6 and 7, *A A A A* are strips of wood nailed together in the form of a stiff framework for the purpose of holding the uprights *B B B B*. We found 3 inches to be a satisfactory width for these strips. The whole loom should be made of heavy stock—⅞-inch pine or poplar. It should be strongly put together in order to stand up against the constant tension of the taut threads and the strain of weaving and banging-up. The uprights should be 3 inches wide and about 8 inches long and should be screwed securely to the framework. Through these uprights, near the top ends, are bored round holes to carry two round sticks or iron rods. These looms can be of

any size under four or five feet. The looms shown in Fig. 8 are respectively $1\frac{1}{2}' \times 3'$ and $2' \times 4'$. They were made by three boys of the second grade who were of more than average strength and constructive ability.

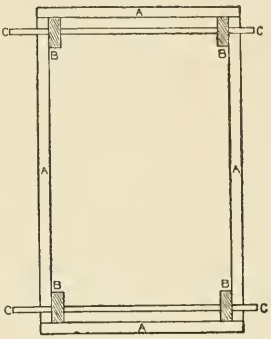

Fig. 6

In weaving on these looms we used coarse material—heavy jute cord doubled and twisted. The character of this material demanded, moreover, a loose mesh to fit its coarse appearance. In consequence we could make a coarse heddle; that is, we could have the warp threads rather far apart.

This heddle frame is shown in Fig. 9. *AAAA* are the sides of a frame made of inch strips of half-inch stock with half-lap joints at the corners. Along the top and bottom edges shallow saw-cuts, *BBB*, etc., are made one half an inch apart. *CC*, etc., are heddles like that shown in detail in Fig. 10. The heddle consists of a small iron ring with small holes opposite each other to carry holding strings that tie it to the frame. These heddles can be bought of R. R. Street & Co., 184 Washington Street, Chicago, or at any weavers' and dyers' supply house. Put a tough jute cord through one small hole and tie it around one side of the frame *A*, passing it through the first saw-cut to hold it in place. Then put another cord through the opposite hole and tie it around the opposite side of the frame, stretching the cord tight. So do at each pair of saw-cuts all the way across. Thus the little iron rings are stretched in a line through the middle of the open space in the frame. Of course the holes in the rings must be in a straight line and must be at equal distances from the two sides of the frame. The heddle is a good one when done. The making of the string part is rather a difficult operation and requires two people pulling opposite each other on each heddle eye, holding

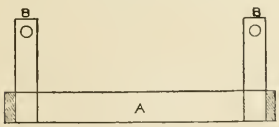

Fig. 7

FIG. 8. *Looms made by boys of second grade*

the opposite strings of the heddle, in order to put the eye into the middle of the space. Two boys of special manual ability could do the work, or the teacher and one boy might do it at odd moments.

When loom and heddle are finished, the stringing up is to be done. Thread the first warp-string through the first eye of the heddle. Tie the ends about the rods of the loom, stretching the string tight. Next put a string through the first eye on the other end of the heddle and fasten it in like manner. The heddle is now suspended at the middle of the loom. Now put another string through the first open space between the eyes and another string through the next eye. Carry the end of one string over the rod and the other one under it and tie the strings together. So tie the pair of strings around each rod, stretching them tight. Proceed thus, until every eye and every space in the heddle carries a tight thread.

In weaving wind the woof around a thin stick a little longer than the width of the loom. Raise the heddle. Pass a thin ruler or similar wooden strip through the shed and turn it up on edge. Now you can take your hand off the heddle, for the ruler will preserve the shed. Pass the shuttle through the shed, pull out the ruler, push the heddle down, thus shifting the shed and weaving in the woof. Put the ruler through the shed again. With it beat the woof firmly up to the end of the loom. Your first woof thread is now completely woven in. So continue to the end, remembering that on a heddle loom we cannot weave to the end of the warp threads but must stop five or six inches before that, while the heddle can still play. Be sure to beat up the woof vigorously with the ruler each time a new thread is put in. When the weaving is done, pull the strings carefully out of the heddle and tie the fringe in knots. At the other end of the woven piece pull out the rod, and you have the fringe already tied, only needing to be knotted.

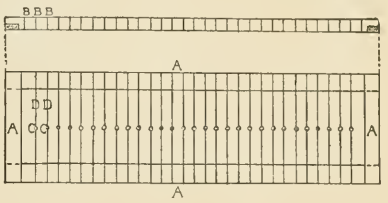

FIG. 9

Almost any conventional pattern can be woven into a piece by the darning method. Suppose that the background is brown and that a green square is to be put in at a certain place. Up to the bottom of the square the weaving goes regularly. Then the weaver takes a bodkin with green thread and darns in the square over the warp, leaving empty warp threads at the sides of the square. Upon completing the pattern he cuts off the green thread and pulls in the end. Then he takes up the bodkin of brown again and weaves from the edge to the green square, pushing

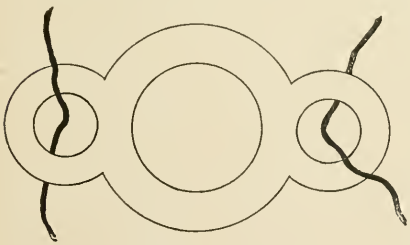
FIG. 10

his bodkin between the green threads and over the first warp thread which carries the green. Thus the brown and the green are made to overlap or interlock at the edges of the square. The brown is woven in on one side of the pattern and when that side is brought up to the top of the square, the weaver begins on the other side. Above the square he again carries his brown all the way across. This sort of pattern shows up well only when the warp-threads are hard, small carpet chain, and the woof of some soft, loose yarn which will beat up close and cover the warp. I have seen interesting, square-cornered chickens effectively woven in this fashion by children of the second grade. (See Francis W. Parker School *Year Book*, Vol. III, pp. 153–165.)

SPINNING

Spinning in school seems to me worth while only as a short experiment. The whole class together, each pupil in turn, may perhaps spin enough yarn for a small bag or for some older grade to use in embroidery, but more than that seems a waste of energy. For spinning is a difficult craft demanding much practice for any degree of efficiency. Yet it is always very attractive to children, especially with a large, old-fashioned wheel. Such wheels are few now, and probably most schools must do without them. But the greatest value of the experiment consists in apprehending the principle of composing short fibers into a long thread, and this principle can be illustrated quite as well with simple tools. Here again is opportunity for invention. Fig. 11 shows spindles invented by children. The inventing was done after a child had examined a thread and had discovered it to be made of small fibers or hairs twisted together. He tried to get a like result by twisting with his fingers. Each pupil then took some wool and set about planning a more effective way to twist it.

Various types of spindles resulted, and for a day or two there were earnest and interested efforts by the proud inventors to produce good yarn with their crude tools. It needed more

patience and skill than they had, however, and to prevent their becoming discouraged at their failures I began teaching them to use the old-fashioned wool wheel which we were fortunate enough to possess. This work proved fascinating, and five or six children even became able to spin acceptably, so that we made a few yards of yarn, lumpy and coarse, to be sure, yet artistic in effect, which the members of an upper class were glad to use in a piece of embroidery that they were doing. To cap our joy we found an Irish woman who came to the school and spun for us wool which we had cut from a sheep-skin and had washed with our own hands. At the Field Museum we saw replicas of our own spindles and at Hull House saw an Italian woman actually using a hand spindle.

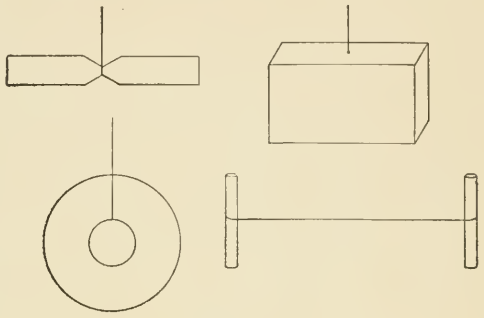

FIG. 11

When such experiences are not possible, the Perry pictures furnish acceptable substitutes; for the industry of spinning seems to appeal strongly to an artist's imagination just as it will do to the children's. But let me now make a plea for going out of the schoolroom to see actual material and actual processes and for bringing real things into the schoolroom. Seeing a school industry actually being carried on in the big world adds significance and dignity to the school industry and intelligibility and interest to the maturer one. I believe that one excursion is worth a year of classroom teaching and will repay any sacrifice in the way of time and trouble.

Often we are too easily persuaded that excursions are impossible. If the town has no museum, it has, perhaps, a cloth mill or a rag-carpet weaver or a shop where made-over rugs are woven.

Perhaps there is an oriental salesroom or a flock of sheep on the edge of town or an angora goat in some back yard. There are, possibly, foreigners who have brought from their homes in the old country pieces of old homespun, or even wheels and spindles, and perhaps they would be willing to visit the school and make demonstrations of spinning. This and that child from the class can bring an oriental rug or a braided rug from home, and all of them can get samples of various kinds of cloth to examine, to ravel, to speculate about. Handling real things in this way and seeing real work will stimulate that investigating spirit that is one of the main objects of education. And if, meantime, the articles that the child makes are being really used, then the result of a comparison of his own products with those of abler workers will be, not humiliation, but an appreciation of a true artist's skill.

In connection with spinning, a study of the hairy covering of various animals is interesting. The children can doubtless bring samples of the hair of cats, dogs, horses; perhaps of squirrels, rabbits, and goats. Why are some of these hairs used for spinning and some not? There are several reasons, of course. One will appear from an attempt to spin the hair, another from the habits and accessibility of the animals. A few children may get something from studying the different fibers under a microscope. If the pupils mount these samples of hair or fur or wool on large cards, together with the pictures of the animals from which they are obtained and a statement as to whether the fiber is practicable for spinning (with a sample of the yarn when possible), the material and data can be better held in mind during study.

DYEING

A textile activity more practical for children than spinning, and therefore more satisfactory, is dyeing. More of such work can be done, of course, in a school where there is textile or cooking equipment (stoves and pans) than in one not so furnished. Under

such conditions a child can have a chance to try his own experiments many times and to dye his own wool or rags for whatever he wants to make. But in any school, certain class experiments are possible with one Bunsen burner or alcohol lamp or chafing-dish lamp. Some of the children will be able to work out at home recipes made up at school and to bring back samples and reports.

The step in dyeing that is most fun and is most educational, I believe, is that of mentally hunting among common things of one's acquaintance for possible dyestuffs. I find that children generally think first of things they have spilled on the tablecloth—strawberries, cherry juice, cocoa, egg. Next they think of brightly colored things — beets, carrots, oranges, ink. Some of these things sound to us grown-ups impossible and foolish as dyes; but I believe that every suggestion ought to be tried; for it is experience that really convinces and teaches and that ought to convince and teach. There will be suggested various ways of using the material—to crush the berries upon the cloth, to squeeze out the juice and soak the cloth in it, to cook the berries and soak the cloth in the colored water. I would try any method mentioned. It is likely, by the way, that somewhere in the world some primitive people may use the very material and method invented by the children. But probably no one will suggest the use of anything to set the dye, so the first color will wash out. Then the teacher must recommend a mordant, and the experiment must be tried again.

The second step in the process of dyeing is in some way to get the color out of the dyestuff. Boiling or long soaking generally does this most effectively. Next the mordant must be introduced. The common mordants are salt, alum, sugar of lead, cream of tartar, crude tartar. Different mordants affect a dye in different ways. For instance, alum put into the juice of red cabbage will produce light blue, while cream of tartar combined with it makes light pink. Alum generally lightens a color, and salt

deepens it. The following recipes illustrate two ways of introducing the mordant.

1.

Put ½ ounce of alum into one quart of water.
Put the cloth into the alum water.
Soak it all night.
Next day take it out.
Put it into the dye while it is wet.

2.

I chopped 4 ounces of red cabbage.
I put it into 2 quarts of water.
I boiled it for ½ hour.
I took the cabbage out.
I put ½ ounce of alum into the water.
I wet my cloth and put it into the dye.
I boiled it for ½ an hour.
Then I wrung it out and hung it up to dry.
Then I washed it.
It was blue.

During the year my class experimented with several simple dyes. Those that I suggested in addition to the children's list I chose because their sources are easily understood by children. Chemical dyes I omitted for the reverse reason. Following is a list of the materials tried:

Successful Dyes Suggested by Children

Blueberries	red-blue
Strawberries	crimson
Red currants	light red
Concord grapes	blue-gray
Blackberries	dark red
Grass	green
Spinach	green
Sumac berries	drab
Dandelion flower	light yellow
Tea	drab
Coffee	tan
Red cabbage	blue or pink

Unsuccessful Dyes Suggested by Children

Cocoa, egg, beet, cranberries.

Successful Dyes Suggested by Teacher

Alder pith	yellow
Madder	soft red
Brazilwood	bright red
Logwood	black
Fustic	yellow
Saffron	yellow
Onion skin	yellow
Yellow dock root	light lemon
Walnut hulls	brown
Sassafras root	drab

Of these dyes we used one or two ounces, with a quart of water, for half a square yard of goods. With them we used generally alum or salt with little difference. Some of the material in the last list can, of course, be obtained at the grocery store or in the vacant lot. Others can be bought at dye houses and drug stores.

Where there is such equipment that a child may do his own work, the need of a written recipe to be followed in the dye-room is a strong and real stimulus to writing. Just as most of the reading of my second grade was done in answering questions and in supplementing interests aroused by handwork, so most of the writing was done in preparing recipes and in making permanent record of work for the school museum. Following is an example of recipes thus made and used:

Take 1 ounce of Brazilwood.
Tie it in a bag.
Put it into 1 quart of water.
Put 1 ounce of salt into the water.
Boil the water for ½ hour.
Take the bag out of the dye.
Wash the cloth.
Put it into the dye.
Boil it for ½ hour.
Hang the cloth up to dry.
Wash it in cold water.

THE SCHOOL MUSEUM

The value of a school museum is evident, but most of us scarcely improve the opportunities that the building-up of such a museum affords. One thing that a second grade did may serve as an example of the possibilities. Each time we did any dyeing we saved small bottles full of the dry dye, the mordant, the liquid dye, and a small sample of the dyed cloth. These we mounted on sheets of cardboard, wrote their names below them, and pasted the written recipe on the back of the cardboard. The result in the children's minds was a more definite and classified knowledge of their experiments and of the sources and possibilities of dyes than would have existed without the tabulation. There was furnished, too, the golden opportunity of repeated writing for a real purpose. Also, there was created for the teacher and the children of another year a small mass of material and a record of experience which might serve them for reference and suggestion, and to which they might add their own further record. (See Fig. 12.)

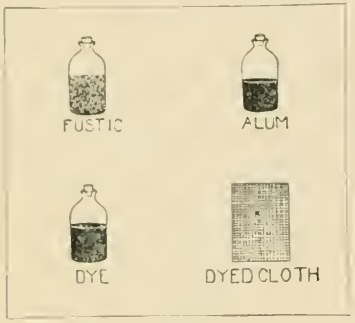

FIG. 12

Through a few years a museum can be built up which will serve many useful purposes. It will contain pictures and materials that will help to make the subject of textiles interesting and vivid to a new class. It will supply motive to every class for the making of those careful, graphic records which classify images and deepen impressions in the makers of them. As visible data concerning failures and successes in teaching it will be a reminder and corrective and stimulus to the teacher. There is hardly a subject that is taught in the primary grades which could not and ought not contribute much to this museum in the way of drawings, charts, written papers, clay models, actual tools used and things made, collections of specimens and of pictures.

ILLUSTRATIVE CONSTRUCTION

All phases of the textile industry are full of picture and cry out for illustration with pencil and brush and clay. The blackboards ought to be full of shepherds and sheep and goats and camels and tents and spinning wheels. There should be on the walls an ever-shifting exhibit of water-color sketches of brilliant oriental scenes. One second grade made a frieze of clay plaques with scenes in bas-relief illustrating the beautiful shepherd imagery of the twenty-third psalm.

The sand table is invaluable as an encouragement to expression and as an exhibition place. It can be now an oasis where an Arab caravan has camped, to-morrow a valley in Palestine where Abraham has led his flocks, next a Persian town where a rug fair is in progress, after that an oriental dye-shop, or the hilltop where a Pueblo village is built, or a farm at sheep-shearing time. Indeed, the sand table is a stimulus to clear imagery and to good expression; it is an inexhaustible source of joy and profit to the children. They will play with it before school; will gain technical skill in modeling and cutting and painting; will come habitually to imagine stories in definite, dramatic pictures. If you have no sand table you can easily improvise one out of a large shallow box. Any kind of sand, or even ordinary soil, will serve as well as sand that you must buy.

Let the children model a grazing country as a setting for the first reading lesson of this series. There may be rocky hills with a river. Strips of tin or tinfoil shine like water. Weeds planted in the sand or twigs thrust in will make good trees. Sow seed all over the sand and keep it wet, and soon you will have a beautiful country. The shepherds' huts as described in the reading lesson named "A Shepherds' Village in Greece" can be made of twigs and raffia. To people this land the children can form sheep and shepherds out of clay. (There is an excellent prepared clay called plastolene which never dries or crumbles, which is always ready for use, and which can be used over and over. It can be

obtained from A. H. Abbott, 151 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.) Instead of this rather realistic landscape you can substitute trees and sheep and people cut from cardboard or paper and painted. With a little strip of cardboard pasted to the back these will stand when thrust into the sand. Both the modeling and the paper cutting demand study of form. Go out-of-doors to study trees. If you can, go to a farm to study sheep; if not, use pictures. (There are many beautiful shepherd scenes among the Perry pictures.) Let the children themselves serve as models for the study of the human form. Thus the sand-pan picture should be the result of real study and of steadily growing skill.

And so by manual construction carried on with some definite purpose, by the reading of matter that illuminates some real interest, by social activity, by imaginative expression, by investigation and experiment and invention, we may help to train up interested, thoughtful human beings with power to initiate action, to feel beauty, and to express emotion.

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